

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor over the old building, 101 Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block. Dealer in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. \$100,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President, C. Steese Cashier.

DRUGGISTS.

T. B. BAILEY, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals. Retail and Wholesale. Also Stationery and Blank Books, Opera Glasses, Massillon, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

D. R. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practice, Office No. 15 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, etc.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Corns & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, etc.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO. Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

GROCERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1822. Forwarding and Importing Country Produce, and dealer in all kinds of Groceries. Warehouse in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.

C. F. VON KANDEL, East Side Jewelry Store, East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc., No. 5 South Erie street.

Traveler's Register

Trains leave and arrive on Standard time, minutes after the city time.

CLEVELAND, LORAIN & WHEELING

South.

No. 41 (goes to Buffalo) 5:20 a. m.
No. 35 (goes to Wheeling) 10:05 a. m.
No. 27 do do 3:55 p. m.
No. 30 (goes to Urbansville) 7:55 p. m.

North.

No. 34 5:20 a. m.
No. 36 9:27 a. m.
No. 38 1:30 p. m.
No. 42 arrives at 7:52 p. m.

GOING TOWARD WHEELING.

No. 1, Daily 8:30 a. m.
No. 6 12:32 p. m.
No. 7, Stops here 6:40 p. m.
No. 11, Sunday only 5:50 p. m.

GOING TOWARD TOLEDO.

No. 4 5:20 a. m.
No. 6 12:32 p. m.
No. 7, Daily 6:40 p. m.
No. 12, Sunday only 10:30 a. m.

P. T. W. & C.

East. 2:57 a. m.
West. 1:41 a. m. to Elton 11:22 a. m.
1:28 p. m. 1:30 p. m. to Wooster 1:40 p. m.
8:25 p. m. 11:40 p. m.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS.

No. 1, Akron & Pan Handle Route at Orrville.

South.

No. 25, Exp. 3:40 a. m. No. 2, Exp. 11:18 a. m.
No. 27, Exp. 4:15 a. m. No. 28, Exp. 3:37 p. m.
No. 3, Exp. 3:32 p. m. No. 29, Exp. 10:42 p. m.
No. 7, Exp. 3:32 p. m. No. 30, Exp. 10:42 p. m.

Train 3 (Cleveland Express) leaves Orrville at 7:25 a. m. (connecting with P. T. W. & C. No. 10 from the West, Akron 8:20 a. m., arriving at Cleveland 10:40 a. m. No. 4 returning leaves Cleveland at 8:20 p. m., arriving at Akron 6:06 p. m., Orrville at 5:50 p. m., leaving direct connection with P. T. W. & C. No. 2 for Wooster, Akron and all points west.

Trains 27 and 28 run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday through Pullman sleepers between Cleveland, Akron and Cincinnati.

No. 2 has an assured connection with P. T. W. & C. No. 31 from the east, and C. No. 7 returning connects with P. T. W. & C. No. 3 for the east, thus enabling our patrons to reach Canton, Massillon, Alliance, Saloon, etc., to make round trip to Columbus in one day.

A. S. MILLER, Chief Clerk, G. P. Dept.

CLEVELAND CANTON & SOUTHERN R. R.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Massillon via U. M. E. Ry. 6:25 a. m. Leave Canton at 7:20 a. m. arrive at Cleveland 9:30 a. m. Leave Massillon via C. M. E. Ry. 8:30 a. m. leave Canton at 10:40 a. m. arrive at Cleveland at 12 noon. Leave Massillon via O. M. E. Ry. 10:40 a. m. leave Canton at 11:40 a. m. arrive Cleveland 6:10 p. m.

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Cleveland at 7:00 a. m. arrive at Canton 9:05 a. m. arrive at Massillon at 10:20 a. m. Leave Massillon at 11:40 a. m. arrive at Canton at 6:25 p. m. via O. M. E. Ry. Leave Cleveland at 6:30 p. m. arrive at Canton 8:20 p. m. arrive at Massillon at 9:20 p. m. via C. M. E. Ry.

Single and round trip tickets for Cleveland have been placed on sale at Railway Station, O. R. 20 East Main street.

CANTON-MASSILLON ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Our departure on standard time.

Regular trains between Massillon and Canton leave from city park hourly, 5:30 o'clock a. m. to 10:30 p. m. Trains returning leave from the public square, Canton, on the half hours, from 5:30 o'clock a. m. until 10:30 p. m.

SPECIAL SERVICE.

For special service or more particular information inquire of

F. H. KILLINGER, General Agent, Massillon, O.

LEWIS' 98 per cent. LYE

POWDER AND SOAP. The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine white powder retaining in a certain removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfume, disinfecting, bleaching, washing, etc. LYE, LYE, LYE. PENNA. SALT MFG. CO. Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

REVISING THE TARIFF.

The Hearings Will Be Concluded on Next Friday.

NO NEW BILL BEFORE NOVEMBER 1.

Arguments For the Admission of Bermuda Vegetables Free and the Retention of the Sugar Bounty.—Voorhees Fails to Get a Vote.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The majority members of the ways and means committee have not yet decided upon a time for beginning the work of formulating the bill to take the place of the present McKinley law. Friday next will be the regular meeting day of the committee after the hearings have ceased, but it is hardly probable that the members will want to rush right into that part of the work after three weeks' continuous sessions. Beside all the testimony submitted by those who have appeared before the committee is not yet printed and the members will probably desire to study the statements made to them before entering upon the preparation of their bill. The probabilities are therefore that nothing will be done on the details of the bill before next week. It is the expectation of Chairman Wilson and his colleagues on the committee that the measure will be ready for presentation to the house Nov. 1.

Chairman Wilson has informed a number of persons who have applied for the privilege of a hearing before the committee that it will be impossible to grant their requests, as the time allotted for hearings being already occupied. By the terms of the resolution accepted by the house, any particular subject upon which information is desired, may be investigated by the sub-committee having it in charge, and in the course of the preparation of the new tariff bill it is probable that several inquiries will be prosecuted under this resolution.

A. H. Gallaghe of New York, opened the hearing before the committee by presenting the petitions of the associated Trades and Workmen's Reform league of New York city, demanding that the duty on vegetable products of the Bermuda islands be removed or greatly reduced so that the middle class and working people may be able to purchase and use the fresh vegetables which are necessary for their health in the early spring.

Henry T. Oxnard (Nebraska) spoke next against the repeal of the sugar bounty clause of the McKinley bill. Congress had no right, he said, to repeal this section; the time it should continue had been fixed and appropriations had been authorized to pay the bounty. In reply to a question he said that raising beets paid the farmer better than corn or wheat, and that they could be raised here in almost all of the states. If the manufacturer here could use his by-products, as was done abroad, he could do without the bounty. They never have entered the business unless the bounty clause had been enacted.

T. R. Cutler, a Utah beet sugar manufacturer, endorsed the statement made by Mr. Oxnard and spoke of the success of the industry in his state. Beet raising in Utah, though largely done by irrigation, had proved profitable. He could not continue the manufacture without the bounty. They could only work 100 days of the year, as the product (beets) was exhausted in this time, but they had skilled labor to pay all the year round.

For the third time since the repeal bill has been before the senate, the senator in charge of it, Mr. Voorhees (Dem., Ind.), made an effort to have the question fix something when debate ought to be closed and the vote taken and the third time the proposition met with an unfavorable response. As on the first occasion Mr. DuBois (Rep., Ind.) acted as spokesman for the opposition but he was seconded and sustained by Mr. Teller (Rep., Colo.), who stated that he knew of 15 senators who will desire to address the senate and of whom 13 had not yet opened their mouths on the subject; and he added that until all senators who desired to speak had an opportunity of doing so no vote could be or would be taken. Mr. Voorhees in view of that attitude of the opposition gave notice that he would ask the senate to have not continued but lengthened sessions; and he was informed that his programme would not be resisted but that the friends of the bill as well as its enemies would be expected to attend. After a speech by Mr. Mills (Dem., Tex.) in favor of the bill and by Mr. Stewart (Rep., Nev.) against it the senate adjourned.

Afraid of American Forgers.

LONDON, Sept. 20. The police here have been intimidated to all of the London banks that a gang of expert American forgers are on their way to London. It is said that the members of the gang possess the secret of effacing handwriting from checks. The warning of the police is intended to place the bank officials on their guard against any attempts to victimize them.

Perished in a Fire.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—A small house in the Whitechapel district of this city was burned and after the fire was extinguished a search was made of the ruins, and the bodies of a man and four women were found. It is supposed that these people were asleep when the fire broke out, and that they were overcome with smoke before they had a chance to escape.

Will Indict Elliott's Assassin.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—The Franklin county grand jury, it is understood, will be asked to bring a bill against William Varney, the Cincinnati diamond thief, for the assault upon W. J. Elliott, one of whose eyes he burned out with vitriol.

Death of a Railroad Official.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 20.—Mr. J. S. Leib, treasurer of the Northern Central Railway company, died suddenly of congestion of the brain.

A BRUTAL MOTHER.

She Tried to Starve Her Baby to Death on Her Bosom.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—City Infirmary Director Barry has ordered the arrest of a woman who gave her name as Bette Table, and who applied to him for relief for herself and six children. The condition of the babe carried at her breast attracted Dr. Barry's attention, and he found that it was almost starved. The woman said she wanted it to die, and from appearances she was deliberately starving it to death. The woman, who is a Russian Jew, was locked up and the child given to the police matron. Subsequently the woman's husband and some of her companions secured her release on a bail. The babe may die of neglect.

An Inventor Sued For Divorce.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 20.—A Cincinnati inventor has been made a party to a divorce suit begun in the courts here. In the city of Chicago 23 years ago, Ella M. Savage, then a widow, married the inventor, George W. Berry. They lived successfully in Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Cleveland. In May, 1890, Perry left his wife, so she claims, and returned to Cincinnati, which had been their home for 16 years. Mrs. Perry estimates her husband's income from his patents at \$2,000 a year. She resists her case on the plea of willful absence. She sues for alimony and also for the custody of their daughter, Bessie M. Tilda Perry.

Incorporated in Ohio.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—The Minnow Fishing club of Cincinnati, formed for "social and literary" purposes, was incorporated by Bernard Tappel, Louis Buchler, George Wab, Bernard Behnia, Henry Behne and Taylor Lauman. A similar organization bearing the euphonious name of the Bow-wow club, was incorporated by Fred Holtkamp, William Hachtel, William Henchen, Daniel Curran and P. Doyle. Other incorporations were: The Mahoning Pleasure Boat company, Youngstown, capital stock \$6,000; the Roderick Lem Manufacturing company, Mansfield, capital stock \$30,000.

The Murderer Still at Large.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Sept. 20.—Kenneth Blake, the fugitive murderer of William Rowley, has not yet been apprehended, although several poses are scouring the Scioto hills for him. Coroner Davidson completed his inquest and it developed that the murder was a most cold-blooded one, the victim being killed while about 35 feet from a creek and was armed with only a sawed riding whip. The affair was witnessed by Wesley Boyer and Blake's 13-year-old son, and a few moments after it occurred a score of men were at the scene, who allowed the murderer to drive carelessly away.

Released Convicts Defined as Convicts.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—For some years past, without authority of law, convicts, non residents of this county, upon their release from the penitentiary have been immediately run out of town, a defective being especially detailed for that purpose. Recently one of the prisoners put in an objection, and the police court sustained the man's right to remain in the city. However, the city council passed an ordinance defining persons of this class as vagrants, and providing for their arrest and punishment.

May Escape Punishment.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—Joseph E. Diggins, colored, was arrested for stealing a horse and buggy. In the police court Judge Martin accepted a charge of plea from horse stealing to taking a horse without permission of owner. Upon this peculiar charge the man was sentenced to the county jail for 90 days and fined \$500. The sheriff refused to receive him, on the ground that the charge constituted a felony, and the judge did not have final jurisdiction. In consequence the thief will probably escape punishment.

A Columbus Man Missing.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—It is rumored that W. M. Taylor of South Scioto street, president of the Taylor Grate and Mangle company, and a prominent citizen, has mysteriously disappeared. He left for Chicago, where they have a branch establishment, a week ago, and since that time he has not been heard from. The family of the missing man refuse to say anything further than that he is undoubtedly all right and would be heard from in due time. They are evidently, however, concealing something.

A Section Hand Killed.

GREENVILLE, O., Sept. 20.—James Birley, a section hand, was killed by the northbound Mackinaw train. He was working on the track, and it is thought he concluded the train was on another road close by. He was knocked off from the track and his skull crushed, dying in a short time after. A wife and three children are thus left unprovided for.

Vinegar Artificially Colored.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—Dairy and Food Commissioner McNeal has received from Chemist Kauffman an analysis of a sample of very fine, pure apple vinegar, sold by H. Wilkymack & Co. of Cincinnati. The chemist reports that it is distilled vinegar artificially colored, containing no malic acid, and consequently no cider.

A Thief Confined.

TOLEDO, Sept. 20.—Ed Cushiway has been arrested in Detroit and turned over to the authorities of this city, where he is wanted for larceny. He made a full confession and a large part of the stolen goods were recovered. He was badly wanted for several extensive robberies in which he is believed to have been implicated.

Twenty-Two Horses Cremated.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—Benton's livery stable, corner of Fourth avenue and High streets, was destroyed by fire and 22 head of horses perished in the flames. Among them were some valuable roadsters owned by private individuals. The origin of the fire is supposed to be incendiary.

THE BIG FOUR WRECK.

Responsibility For the Collision Not Yet Fixed.

NINE KILLED AND MANY HURT.

Three of the Injured Cannot Recover. A Claim That the Second Section Was Not Flagged.—A Rumor That the Engineer Was Asleep.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—As yet the responsibility for the rear and collision on the Illinois Central, near the village of Manteno, a few miles north of Kankakee, in which nine were killed and about 20 injured, has not been fixed. The Big Four uses the Illinois Central tracks out of Chicago.

The first section of the Big Four left Chicago followed shortly after by the second section. The passengers were many of them returning from the World's fair. The first section had to stop near Manteno to let an Illinois Central train ahead to get water.

It is said no flagman was sent back to flag the second section. The track is straight for several miles at this point and had a flagman gone back the engineer could not have failed to see him. It is stated on the other hand, however, that the engineer of the second train was asleep and the fireman was throwing coal into the furnace.

The second train, coming at terrific speed and the engineer and fireman saw the train ahead just in time to jump and save their lives without attempting to stop their engine. On the rear of the first train was an empty sleeping car. The car ahead was a day coach containing 40 or 50 passengers. The second section engine crashed into the empty sleeper, drove it through the first coach, telescoping the car from end to end. The passengers, most of whom were awake and conversing, were swept from their seats in a twinkling and crushed and mangled. Limbs were torn off, heads and bodies crushed and the broken timbers dripped with the blood of dead and dying.

Three of the injured at St. Luke's hospital cannot recover. They are, Blanche Belleston of Stinking Springs, O.; William Evans, Powellton, W. Va.; and A. J. Scholler, Ripley, O. L. H. Blanton, a capitalist of Indianapolis, who was reported fatally injured, may recover. His injuries consist of bruises and contusions only.

The list of dead as far as known is: David Jackson, Cincinnati, O.; Christ-opher Kimmel, Dayton, O.; J. W. P. Well, New Vienna, O.; L. L. Sweet, Louisville, Ky.; Minnie Dwyers, Lower Albany, Ind.; Charles Deckerdasher, 24 years old, Columbus, O.; Jacob Simpson, blacksmith, Columbus, O.; Miss O. Edwards, Chicago.

The injured ones, Blanche Belleston, Sinking Springs, O., limb crushed; L. H. Blanton, Indianapolis, badly burned; James W. Brown, Wilmington, O., internally injured, head crushed; Mrs. James W. Brown, internal injuries; Anna Cowells, Lower Albany, Ind.; William Evans, Powellton, W. Va., internal injuries; Miss Sallie Evans, Powellton, internal injuries; J. W. Foster, Springfield, O., scalp wound, eye gouged; Mrs. J. W. Foster, wife of last named, ribs broken; injuries probably fatal; Mrs. Emma Gallatin, Columbus, O., back and limbs bruised; Miss E. Gallatin, Columbus, O., limbs bruised; Miss Libbie Jackson, Cincinnati, O., internal injuries, probably fatal; Mrs. Chris Kimmel, Dayton, O., head and body crushed; J. W. Moore, Chester, S. C., head and back slightly injured; Jessie Morse, Cincinnati, badly injured internally; Albert Jay Scholler, Ripley, O., head cut and arm crushed, probably fatal; Emily Tompelson, Sinking Springs, O., head and body cut; William Blain, Indianapolis, head and face cut, internal injuries.

Rev. Donohoe Will Plead.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 20. Rev. E. B. Donohoe, who has devoted much of his time to the study of the Chinese question, will be one of the speakers in opposition to the Chinese exclusion law when that measure comes before the congressional committee on immigration. He has been requested to assist the San Francisco lawyers who have been engaged by the Chinese merchants of California to present their side to congress.

A Cleveland Man Missing.

DETROIT, Sept. 20.—Solomon E. Block whose residence is in Cleveland, has been missing from the New Avenue Hotel since last Friday evening. The proprietor of the New Avenue House fears that he has met with foul play. He wore a diamond stud and ring, gold watch and chain, and a locket set with a diamond, and had \$300 on his person.

Will Open Next Monday.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 20.—The stock holders of the Milwaukee National bank met and decided to open the bank for business next Monday. The bank's capital will be \$500,000, double the amount it had when it closed its doors.

An American Embellisher Sentenced.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—In the Old Bailey W. W. Douglas was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for the embezzlement of \$25,000 from the Swift Beef company of Chicago, of which he was agent.

A Family Horribly Butchered.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—News has just been received here that Benson Wratton and family, six in all, living near that place were horribly butchered. The family lived in Harrison township, 12 miles from Washington.

A Bank Suspends Payment.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The comptroller is advised that the Port Townsend National bank of Port Townsend, Wash., has suspended.

The Cholera in Galicia.

VIENNA, Sept. 20.—In the province of Galicia there have been 26 cases of cholera and 16 deaths from the disease.

THE PENNYPACKER INCIDENT.

Chas. P. Pennypacker Talks of His Son's Trouble in San Salvador.

CHESTER, Pa., Sept. 20. Charles P. Pennypacker whose son, Lewis P. Pennypacker, is said to be in danger of arrest at San Salvador by the government, said:

"My son Lewis held a commission as chief of the staff of President Zetza in the Salvadoran army. He was employed eventually by the government to procure arms. This he proceeded to do, getting them from the Union Iron works of San Francisco, where he had formerly been employed and imported the arms in installments. The government paid him promptly until the last installment fell due, when no money was forthcoming. The government seized this installment and then undertook to arrest my son. He made a thrilling escape from San Salvador during the night in an open boat and was in West Chester not more than a month ago.

"Recently I visited Washington and made a thorough explanation of the trouble to Secretary Gresham, who has since forwarded instructions to our minister at San Salvador to see that my son is protected. The Salvadoran government is insolvent and an European or American country will loan her money. My trouble is brewing."

No Charitable Requests.

BOSTON, Sept. 20. The will of F. L. Ames has been filed in the Bristol county probate office at Taunton. It contains no public bequests. The real estate and personal property in North Taunton is given to the widow, also \$50,000 outright. The residue of the estate is given in trust to Samuel Carr, Oliver Ames II and Oliver Mink for the benefit of the widow and children, the trust estate being first subjected to an annuity of \$50,000 to the widow.

He Seals Carriage Plates.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Sept. 20.—The officers are looking for an ignorant thief who has been stealing the metallic labels from the rear part of carriages under the impression that they are valuable. Constable Howell found one of these labels all over the carriages. An attempt had been made on Friday night to melt them over a bonfire on the lot.

A Rebel Center Escapes.

LONDON, Sept. 20. The steel cruiser Republic, the fastest of the Brazilian naval vessels, forced a passage across the bar, and after a severe fight with the forts got away to the south. She is supposed to have started to Santos for the purpose of blockading the port. Immediately after the bombardment, the Aquidaua, with the rest of the insurgent fleet, sailed southward. The fleet is expected to blockade shortly all the ports south of Rio Janeiro.

Tramps Will Keep Away.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Sept. 20. A ton of pig iron was unloaded at the county jail to be used for the punishment of tramps. It is thought that when the matter of carrying pig iron from one end of the jail yard to the other becomes known to be a reality that the tramps will keep away.

Escape of Five Prisoners.

LITCHFIELD, Ky., Sept. 20. Five prisoners, all white, escaped from the county jail by gaining access to the bath room, then cutting through a brick wall and letting themselves down by means of blankets tied together.

Lunched For Attempted Rape.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Sept. 20. Rube Gulley, a negro 23 years old, was landed at Pineapple, below this city, for attempting to rape Mrs. Nona, a wife of a highly respected farmer, residing near Pineapple.

Negro and Irish Girl to Wed.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 20. Among the marriage licenses issued by the clerk of the orphan's court in this city was one for the marriage of Marcellus Davis and Miss Annie Murphy, both of Bethlehem. Davis is a colored waiter and the bride is an Irish cook in the same hotel.

Morkill a Defaulter.

BOSTON, Sept. 20. It is now known beyond any doubt that N. A. Morkill, ex-business manager of the Globe, has been interested in the firm of Melnick & Co., and formerly confidential man for John Steben, a defaulter to the amount of many thousands of dollars.

More Deaths at Hull.

LONDON, Sept. 20. There have been no more deaths from cholera at Hull. Editor Drew Dead.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 20.—John G. Drew, lately associate editor of The Irish World, and a noted writer on political economy and ethics, died at his home here of heart disease, aged 72.

Germans Killed by Lightning.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 20. Frank Miller and William Kessler, two young Germans, were instantly killed by lightning during a heavy storm here.

Tuesday's National League Games.

At Pittsburgh	W	L	T
Pittsburgh	0	0	0
Brooklyn	0	0	0
At Chicago	W	L	T
Chicago	5	0	0
Washington	1	2	1
At Cleveland	W	L	T
Cleveland	0	0	0
Boston	0	0	0
At Louisville	W	L	T
Louisville	0	0	0
New York	0	0	0
At Cincinnati	W	L	T
Cincinnati	0	0	0
Baltimore	0	0	0
At St. Louis	W	L	T
St. Louis	0	0	0
Philadelphia	0	0	0
Second game	W	L	T
St. Louis	1	0	0
Philadelphia	0	0	0

Standing of the Clubs.

W	L	Pct	
Boston	82	37	.689
Pittsburgh	73	47	.606
Philadelphia	69	51	.574
New York	64	56	.532
Cleveland	57	63	.479
Brooklyn	42	78	.347

YOUNG JESSE COXEY TALKS ABOUT HIS ADVENTURES.

In a Land Where Two Cents Buy a Wife and the Natives Work for a Shilling a Day—Four Dollars a Day for Common White Labor—A Seaman's Life.

A great many good people were not a little astonished last winter when they read that young Jesse Coxe, who is several years this side of his majority, had shipped before the mast, in the steamship "Willard Mudgett." It was suspected that he would have different views of sea-faring life when he returned to the parental bosom, the fatted calves and the feather beds. But the boy had pluck, and brains, and while he has come back, it is not with the intention of setting down to a laud lubber's life by any means, for he has already arranged to sail this winter for the China seas—a little just that will last two years. This young chap took eyes with him that saw about all there was to see, and when THE INDEPENDENT set about to get him to talk about the strange things they do on the other side of the world, he told this story:

CROSSING THE EQUATOR.

"My first and, so far, only voyage, began on board the 'Willard Mudgett,' on January 1st of this year, and lasted seven months and thirteen days. Life on ship board jogged along very easily with me, both officers and crew doing what they could to teach me the ropes, and I soon fell into sea-tari g ways. My first adventure was when we were crossing the equator, bound from New York to Port Elizabeth, South Africa. You know the sailors have a pleasant way of initiating a greenhorn at this point, and they couldn't let me escape. Using common coal tar for lather, and the stick they commonly used to stir hot pitch as a razor, they gave me the worst shave I have ever had in my life. You can bet that razor pulled, and it took days and days before I got rid of the last of the coal tar.

"We reached Port Elizabeth, an English-governed city of about 15,000 population, on March 9. You don't know how welcome the sight of land was to me, after over two months at sea. Here we discharged 750 tons of cargo, consisting largely of canned goods and meat products, and I had plenty of opportunity to see the town. We left there on March 26 for Delagoa Bay, on the east coast, where we discharged 500 tons. Delagoa Bay is the name of harbor and the name of a city of about 13,000 population, of whom 300 are Portuguese, and nearly all the rest native Kaffirs. The colony is owned by Portugal.

AN EASY FASHION TO FOLLOW.

"My opinion of Delagoa Bay is not very high. An ordinary white man can not stand the climate, and it takes an extraordinary man to stand the people. It was my first experience in a city where it is the fashion to go without clothing. Port Elizabeth is really a very nice little city, and about as healthy as any part of Ohio. As in most South African towns, the white man there has a sure thing of making money. The pay for common laborers is 16 shillings (\$4) per day, and there is plenty of work. The average cost of board is 4 shillings a day. This leaves a very nice margin, especially as clothing costs less than it does here. Millions of sheep are raised, and wool is sold at a very low figure, so that the manufactured goods come back from England duty free, and are sold very reasonably. The white man here is so scarce that he is a sure winner. When he can't do anything else, they make him boss of the blacks, who stand in awe of the white skin, and are little more than beasts of burden.

"They raise a great deal of fruit for shipment, but the most delicious is too delicate for transportation. Among these are jolly coconuts, which have the taste of the merriest coconut, only much more delicate, pulpy in consistency and provided with a tough rind instead of shell. Then there is the African apple, which is something like an orange; mangoes; plantains which we call bananas, only much larger, and the genuine red banana. You can buy there a bunch of bananas that you can't carry, for three cents.

DIAMONDS BUT NO NEWSPAPERS.

"The diamond fields are about sixty-five miles distant, and are reached by their one railroad. I didn't hear of a single newspaper. Horses don't thrive, so they depend altogether upon mules instead.

"The natives sleep, work and eat, and that's about all you can say of them. The English laws are enforced against the whites, but the native customs are not disturbed, unless they involve breaches of the peace. Consequently, even in Port Elizabeth, the blacks buy their wives and pay for them in fruit, cattle or sheep. Two lumps will buy a beautiful wife. It would take 200 darkies to look one white man. The slave trade is prevented by the constant presence of British men-of-war in the harbor. They get around this by contracting with them, and then forgetting to pay the wages. Thousands of African coolies, who are a little different from the blacks, being originally from India, are hired here for terms of five years, to work in the West Indian cotton fields. A pound a year is what they pay them. When once they make the contract, the coolie is practically a slave for that period.

"The native laborer is employed about Port Elizabeth in fruit culture. They are supposed to be paid a sixpence a day, but are often swindled out of the little they have a right to expect.

STORMS AND AFRICAN FEVER.

"We left Delagoa Bay April 28, thankful to leave alive. And as it turned out, few of us did escape without the germs of African fever, which is like yellow fever, only a great deal worse. It subsequently broke out on board, and decimated our crew, leaving for the West Indies, for which we started in ballast, expecting there to take on a cargo of sugar, we got caught by head winds, and instead of rounding the Cape of Good Hope, we

were blown out of our course and around Cape Horn. It cost hundreds of miles, and it took from April 23 to May 19 for us to reach St. Helena. The storms were fearful, the sea running from thirty to forty feet high. On such terrific storm lasted for three days, during which one captain sighted five vessels that went down, and one of them in plain sight of all. So far as we know only one man was lost. We picked up one crew of eighteen men, and turned them over to a steamer. We kept our boats all fixed up, and the captain had his wife and little girl rigging out to take to the boats instantly if necessary.

"During this time, when we were fighting dreadful storms without, eight of our crew of ten men were battling against the awful African fever. Five died before we reached St. Helena, and we sent three men to the hospital there and left them. The fever would come without a moment's warning. One of our men, apparently in sound health, turned aside to perform a duty. We looked for him a few minutes later and he was dead. You can't imagine the anxiety under which we labored until we felt sure that we were secure.

THE PLACE OF NAPOLEON'S EXILE.

"I went ashore at St. Helena, saw the cliff where there is a local report that Napoleon was rolled over in a cask, climbed 365 steps to the prison where he spent his last days, and saw his grave. We left there in two days, and spent Decoration Day at Paradise, Brazil. We took in water, and went to Barbadoes. Here we got orders to go to St. Vincent's for sugar. We got there June 24, took on 1,300 tons for Delaware break water, where we arrived on the 6th of August. On the 13th we tied up at Knight's sugar wharf in Philadelphia, and our voyage of seven months and thirteen days was over.

"In the West Indies we took on six natives to take the places of our sailors who had died. Of the original ones but two landed in Philadelphia. One was Louis Carson, who had served in the famous old constitution. Another of our crew—he died before we reached St. Helena—was one of the last American sailors to be shanghaied.

SHANGHAIED A SAILOR.

"You don't know what that means? Well, when a ship's captain wants crew he goes to a sailors' boarding house and contracts for a given number of men. The practice has now been broken up, but it used to be that these boarding house keepers had difficulty in getting men, they would lure them on ship board under false pretense or otherwise, and once on board they were made prisoners, and had to work out the voyage. This man, Hans Ansen, was given a drugged cigar in San Francisco, and put on the ship while unconscious. When he came to he was outside the Golden Gate. In eighteen months he returned, and he sought out 'Shanghai' Brown, the man who had caused his abduction, and threatened him so that he died in two months. That was eight years ago.

NOT A LIFE OF LUXURY.

"The hardest thing about a sailor's life is the poor meals. He got coffee with one sugar at 10 o'clock, and our three regular meals at 8, 12 and 6 o'clock consisted of salt horse, hard tack and coffee. We got 'soft tack' while in port, Thursdays and Sundays. We never had butter. We worked four hours, then lay off four hours, and so passed each day.

"The monthly pay of a sailor ranges from \$18 to \$50, and board. In the hurricane season, when sailors are scarce, the highest wages are paid. About December 1st wages begin to go down, and stay down for several months. Contracts are made for the voyage and you get your pay in full when you return to the country from which you sail. I shipped as an ordinary sailor and was discharged as an able-bodied sailor—the latter being the higher of the two classes of seamen which are recognized. When a sailor is looking for a job he goes to a boarding house, applies for a 'chance,' and when he gets it, he pays as a commission to the man who gets him the job.

GOING NEXT TO CHINA.

"When I sail for China, this winter, it will be as a midshipman on a United States man-of-war. You know they are shipping none but native American sailors in the navy now, and I had papers and recommendations that enabled me to secure recognition. I expect to go on the 'New York'."

Young Mr. Coxe, in the meantime is settling up and getting a business education at Mt. Union college, and when he returns from his next voyage, will undoubtedly have wonders to describe, more extensive and interesting than any that have yet entered into his experience.

ONLY A BOY.

A Thirteen Year Old Horse Thief Captured by Officer Getz.

The thief who stole Wm. Rose's horse from the Everhard farm on Thursday afternoon has been captured. Officer Getz struck a clue early Friday morning and proceeded to act. He learned from a resident of the West Side that a small boy had been seen riding a black mare through town. The boy was noticed on account of the fast gait at which he was riding and was described as having red hair and wearing knee breeches.

With these facts to work with the officer accompanied by Mr. Rose, tracked the thief to Canton, and finally found him at his parent's home, a short distance north of that place. The boy was found in an orchard and attempted to get away but Officer Getz secured him. He took his arrest very coolly and said that he had gone to Massillon on the day of the theft on an interurban train and had wandered down the river bank until he reached the Everhard farm. Then thinking he would enjoy a horseback ride had captured the animal and ridden her home. The mare was found at the home of another lad to whom the thief had turned her.

The young culprit, whose name is Walter Koster, is 13 years old and small for his age. He did not seem to realize his position until he was locked in jail. When brought before the mayor this morning he did not attempt any denial of the crime and was bound over to court in the sum of \$300. It is said that the boy has spent two terms at the Lancaster reform farm and is thoroughly incorrigible.

After all, there is nothing like news for a newspaper.

HIS BODY CUT IN TWO.

WILLIAM MOSEMAN'S FATAL FALL FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

Nobody Knows Exactly How It Happened—He Fell From a Moving Train and Twelve Cars Struck Over His Body—The Coroner Arrives.

William Moseman, a well known railroad employe in this city met with a horrible death at the Krause mine No. 2 at 4:30 o'clock Friday afternoon. Mr. Moseman was conductor of the W. & L. E. yard crew and they were engaged in their daily work of supplying the mines north of the city with empty flat cars for the next day's shipments. In some manner, unaccounted for, Mr. Moseman fell from the car, upon which he was standing while the train was backing out of the mine switch, and landed directly across the rails. The wheels of twelve coal cars and the engine passed over his body, which was cut in two just above the hips; otherwise his body was not mangled or disfigured.

The trainmen are at a loss to know just how the unfortunate man fell, and the only evidence in the matter is that given by a small boy termed "Pidgy" who was standing near the place where the accident took place. The latter states that when the train passed Moseman, whom he knew, called to him, at the same time waving his hand at someone who were standing farther up the hill. The boy states that just as Moseman waved his arm his feet slipped from the edge of the car, throwing him under the train.

Engineer Seabrooke, in his testimony to the coroner, yesterday evening, stated that he saw Moseman wave his arm and then disappear. "I was not positive whether he motioned to stop or go forward," said the engineer, "but when I lost sight of him I stopped my train immediately and was notified of the terrible accident."

The body was taken to William's undertaking rooms and Coroner Conklin notified. The latter arrived in the city at 6:30 o'clock and proceeded at once to take the testimony of the trainmen. His verdict will be accidental death.

William Moseman was the son of John Moseman, who died about one year ago. His mother is still living and resides in Water street. He was 25 years of age and was born in this city. When but 16 years of age he commenced his career as a railroad man and was first employed on the C. & W. road. Seven years ago he transferred to the W. & L. E. yard train, where he has worked ever since. He was a general favorite with all who knew him and was a steady workman. One year ago he was married and resided in Canal street with his wife at the time of his death.

HE TOOK LAUDANUM.

Could Not Find Work and Wanted to End Life.

CANTON, Sept. 16.—Two countrymen reported to the police last night that a tramp was lying by the roadside east of the city in a dying condition. The patrol wagon was dispatched to the place at once and the man was taken to the police station. The wanderer was able to talk and stated that he had become discouraged in not being able to find work and had taken laudanum. Prompt medical aid was given the man who was suffering greatly, and the physicians have strong hopes of his recovery.

HAD ENOUGH OF SEA LIFE.

Samuel Willis, who, in company with Albert Walcutt, of Massillon, enlisted in the United States navy last spring, at New York city, has returned home. Sam has in his possession an honorable discharge, and is thoroughly satisfied to give up sea life after six months of hard service. Walcutt is expected home next month.

HE GREW UP HERE.

The New Junior Vice Commander of the G. A. R.

Probably it is not generally known that the new junior vice commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was born and brought up in Massillon. He was, and the National Tribune tells this about him:

"J. C. Bigger, the late assistant adjutant general of Texas, was born at Massillon, Stark county, O., April 11, 1844. He served during the war in the 92d Ill. Inf., First Brigade, Wilder's, Fourth Division, Fourteenth Corps. He graduated at the University of Michigan, March 25, 1868; practiced law five years in St. Louis, Mo., two at Winfield, Kas., and associated with the late Leland J. Webb for eight years at Dallas, Tex. He was a United States attorney for the northern district of Texas during President Garfield's and Arthur's administrations, and twice the Republican candidate for congress in the Dallas district."

Instituted a Council.

Forty members of Lincoln Council, Junior Order of American Mechanics, were driven to Bolivar last Friday to attend the institution of a new lodge. Upon their arrival a luncheon was served to visiting mechanics from Massillon, Strasburgh and North Industry. At 7:30 the ceremonies took place, George Hardgrove, of Lincoln Council, performing the duties of institution. Speeches followed, and addresses were also made at a banquet which was served at 12 o'clock. Among those from Massillon who participated in the speech making were: Charles Arthur, George Hardgrove, Jas. Breckel and Henry E. Sease. One hundred and fifty visitors were present.

A Good Horse Sale.

Frank Shank, of Canal Dover, has sold to Mr. Johnson, of Johnstown, Pa., his five-year-old mare, Contention, by Contender, for \$600. The day he sold her Ed. G. Boles drove her a mile in 2:30, and she trotted the last quarter in a 2:24 gait. She will start at Johnstown next week.

The Record Broken.

PARIS, Sept. 18.—Lésha Swiss bicyclist broken twenty-four hour record, rode over four hundred and thirty-three.

CHAMPION CRICKETERS.

Australia's Famous Eleven Soon to Play in America.

CRACKS WHO WILL MEET THEM.

George S. Patterson and A. M. Wood, Philadelphia's Wonderful Experts—M. R. Cobb and Other Great New York Players. Personnel of the Australian Team.

Every year the popular English game of cricket gains a stronger foothold in the United States. At New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and other cities where there are large numbers of transplanted Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen the sport is in high favor and is constantly growing more and more popular. Philadelphia in particular has given the English game a warm reception. Over a dozen very large and expensive clubs have made the sport their favorite, and the Belmont, Germantown, Merion and other organizations have erected very handsome and expensive clubhouses. The visit of Lord Hawke's team of crack English cricketers in 1894 gave great impetus to the sport in America, and more than ever made the game a society fall out on this side.

At present cricket players are much interested in the coming of the Australian cricketers, who have just finished battling with the best eleven in England, and who will arrive in America about the close of September. The antipodeans have been putting up a strong game in Great Britain, and it is expected that they will make it very interesting for the best eleven on this side of the Atlantic. The first games the visitors are scheduled to play in America will be at Philadelphia Sept. 29 and 30 and Oct. 2.

From Philadelphia the visitors go to New York City where they will meet a strong eleven, the best players of the 27 national cricket league on the grounds of the Staten Island Cricket Club, Oct. 3 and 5. The Australians will then visit the World's Fair and play the best cricketers of Chicago.

The team is called the Elzth Australian eleven, and its captain, Jack Blackham, has visited England with eight different teams from the antipodes. While here this year is not quite up to his old form he still plays a remarkable game, and his fast bowling is a great asset to the team.

Another remarkable fact about the team is that it is made up of men who are usually far from being at their best. He was trained by Monroe Salisbury, the famous horse man, and was handled in his time breaking attempt by Driver Kelly.

Stetum is a black colt by Director out of Stewindler. He is not only wonderfully fast against time, but he is a marvel in a hotly contested race. In a recent five heat contest he defeated such famous cricketers as Walter E. Martin, Wilkes, Lord Clinton, Roland T. and Greenfield, trotting the last three winning heats in 2:10, 2:10½ and 2:07½, the best performance of the kind on record.

Later in the season Stamboul, Kremlin and Nelson may be heard from, but horse men generally believe that Directum will remain stallion king this year.

Directum was bred by Mr. John Green of Dublin, Cal., and is supposed still to be the property of that gentleman, though Mr. Monroe Salisbury owns his trotting qualities. Mr. Salisbury said a few days since: "When Directum was a 2-year-old, he was such a miserable looking little runt that I thought he would never trot a bit. But," he added, "I would like nothing better than to get a match between him and Nancey Hanks." And the veteran horseman sighed at the improbability of such a match was suggested to him.

Checkers and Chess. Checker Problem No. 26. By "P. B." Black.

White to play and mate in three moves. Chess Problem No. 226. By W. A. Shunkman. Black.

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New York with remarkable quickness. Five years ago there were only three or four clubs in the vicinity of the metropolis, and games were very rare. At present there are 15 clubs with 100 to 200 players. These clubs range from 50 to 200 players. The Metropolitan District Cricket League, the Metropolitan District Cricket League, the numerous games of the league always attract large crowds, and the clubs annually contest for a pennant and valuable prizes donated by cricket enthusiasts. The league was formed in 1890 and its president for its first two years of its existence was the famous divine, Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford. Henry Marten, well known to all American cricketers, was president last year, and David A. Munroe fills the office this year.

Three of the best clubs at New York are the Manhattan of Brooklyn, local champions in 1890; Staten Island Cricket Club, champions in 1891, and the Berkeleys, last year's victorious eleven. This year the Staten Island and New Jersey clubs are battling hard for the pennant and seem to be very evenly matched.

One of the best batsmen and all round players at New York is M. R. Cobb of the New Jersey Athletic Club, and he will doubtless be one of the eleven chosen to play against the Australians. Cobb now leads all the batsmen in the Metropolitan league. Among the other New Yorkers who may be chosen are F. J. Prendergast, J. Scrymgeour, R. Rokeby, A. E. Patterson, M. Graham, Jr., H. A. Young, N. S. Walker, F. G. Payne, A. S. Durrant, F. S. Short, W. Witherspoon and H. MacNutt.

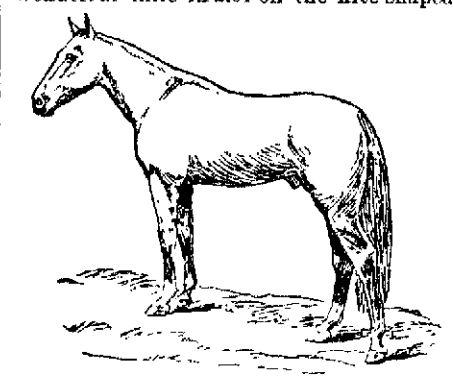
The Belmont Cricket Club is one of the representative cricket organizations of America. It has a large membership, a handsome clubhouse and has enrolled on its membership books many of the best cricketers in the United States.

THE NEW STALLION KING.

Directum, the Black Whirlwind of the American Trotting Turf.

Directum, the new king of all trotting stallions, won his crown recently by covering a mile in 2:07 at New York. He not only defeated Stamboul, 2:07½, but he made a new world's record for 4-year-old stallions and approached nearer to the 2:04 record of Nancey Hanks, the queen of all trotters, than any other horse has ever done.

Directum trotted on an old style, slow track, while Nancey Hanks covered her wonderful mile in 2:04 on the kite shaped



DIRECTUM, 2:07.

course at Terre Haute, there is really not three seconds' difference between them, for the reason that the kite track is considered much faster than a regulation course.

Another remarkable fact about Directum's greatness is that he is in his fourth year, when trotters are usually far from being at their best. He was trained by Monroe Salisbury, the famous horse man, and was handled in his time breaking attempt by Driver Kelly.

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Though we all welcome a season of rest, yet if we were never to have anything in the way of regular duties to perform what a purposeless, worrying existence ours would become! The cricket disporting itself gayly through the summer hours thinks that no life can be as pleasant or as sweet as its happy go lucky improvident hours of idleness spent under blue skies and in the full glare of the glorious sunlight, yet when winter comes and the lack of thought for the morrow has proved disastrous, then it wishes that there had been less play and more serious employment that would have brought about more worthy results.

Outside of the worldly benefit that accrues from conscientious work, there are other advantages that few realize unless they have experienced them for themselves. The blues speed away before its helpful influence, time never drags, the edge of sorrow is made less keen, and a healthier mind and body stand forth as examples of the benefit to be derived from having something to do beyond idle gossiping, desultory fancy work or a round of dressing and dancing that may seem blissful in contemplation, but is in reality not one-half as satisfying as the discharge of regular duties that make one feel that one has accomplished something worth talking about.—Philadelphia Times.

Traveled Inco.

First American—Have a good time abroad? Second American—Fine. I traveled inco. Went where I pleased and escaped the vulgar curiosity of the gaping crowd. "Eh? How did you travel?" "Incognito, I said. I didn't let 'em know I was a rich American. Just pretended I wasn't anybody but an ordinary English lord."—New York Weekly.

Below the Limit.

Cholly Saphead (as a 30 to 1 shot rushed under the wire first)—Theah, I knew that fellow would win! Belle Bluntley—Have you anything on him?

Cholly Saphead—Only me mind. Belle Bluntley—I didn't know the bookmakers at this track took small bets.—Buffalo Courier.

The Prince in Quarantine.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been ordered into quarantine for 14 days, because the last port he left was infected with cholera. His own police issued the order. They reason that the prince may introduce the disease into the country the same as a peasant.

Confederate Reunion Abandoned.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 18.—General J. B. Gordon, commanding the United Confederate Veterans, has issued an order postponing indefinitely the reunion of that organization, which was to have been held in Birmingham, Ala., the 1st of next month.

A Concert Company Dissolved.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—The New York Concert company (the Casino) was formally declared dissolved by Judge McAdam of the superior court, and temporary receivers, Fabius M. Clark and Henry C. Cutter, were made permanent receivers.

I AM SO HAPPY!

3 BOTTLES OF SSS OF Relieved me of a severe Blood trouble. It has also caused my hair to grow out again, as it had been falling out by the handful. After trying many physicians in vain, I am so happy to find a cure in S. S. S. O. H. EBBERT, Galveston, Tex.

CURES

By forcing out germs of disease and the poison as well. It is entirely vegetable and harmless.

Treatise on Blood and Skin mailed free

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Cures Constipation.

PARKS' TEA. Clears the Complexion.

Moves the Bowels Every Day.

All Druggists. 25 and 50 cts.

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A Thinking Machine.

Is what the brain is. It needs the nourishment of a stimulating and natural food. There is no product

PINNER AND DOWD.

NAPOLEON PINNER TELLS BILL NYE ABOUT HIS GRANDFATHERS.

They Live Together Like Little Children, and Sometimes It Is Hard to Manage Them—A Scene at the Circus—Mortimer Gets His Back Up.

(Copyright, 1933, by Edgar W. Nye.) "There is a good deal of difference between people in the matter of getting along with old folks," said my neighbor Napoleon Pinner the other day to me, as we were waiting for the board of equalization to cut down the valuation on our property.

"Some people can go through the wars and never weaken, but they are no good at managing old people. I think that if we keep in mind that we will need some-



WITH MR. PINNER.

body some day to be patient with us we will soon learn to be patient with others."

"Yes, that's true. Did you ever think what a trial Methuselah must have been to his family?"

"Yes, but Methuselah retained all of his faculties up to his eight hundredth year. He could read fine print, you remember, up to 786 years of age, and then he began to imagine that smoking was hurting his eyesight, so he quit for 30 years, but it did not help any and he went back to it, they say—only worse, to make up for lost time.

"But the last 80 or 90 years of Methuselah's life he got so that he used to repeat himself a good deal. Even Enoch was tried with him, and when one of Methuselah's grandchildren—some of them 200 years old—used to wake up with the croup in the night, the old man, forgetting that he used to have it when he was their age, would mumble to himself and gnash his teeth for hours, after which he would put them back in the bureau and go to sleep again.

"But what started me off on the subject of old people was my wife's grandfather. He lives with us. He is 90 years old today, and we are going to give him a birthday cake. I have just bought eight dozen wax candles to put on it.

"My grandfather lives with us also. He is 87 years old in November. Both of the old gentlemen live with us, having no other relatives they can get along with. My grandfather came to live with me when my wife and I went keeping house, and two years after that my wife's grandmother died and the old man came to our house.

"It has been a rather ticklish business to manage the two, for my grandfather has an ungovernable temper, and for a moment or two sometimes you'd think he might assassinate some one, but once or twice a year is as often as he has an outbreak like that.

"My grandfather's name is Peradventure Pinner, an old Bible name selected from the begat column of the good book I reckon. My wife's grandfather's name is Mortimer Dowd. They call each other Peradventure and Mortimer when they are calm, but if anything goes wrong they call each other Pinner and Dowd.

"I was afraid that my grandfather might get one of his little spells of temper and drive my wife's grandfather into the earth with a club, for Dowd is the gentlest man you ever saw. So one day I told Mortimer that Peradventure was the kind of a man that had to be set down on the moment he showed any signs of temper, and if he had the nerve to shut him up once for all he would have no trouble, but I was afraid he did not have the necessary courage. However, I told him that he was so much older than Peradventure he must take a firm hand with him at the start.

"I used to have them do the chores to keep them out of mischief. Mortimer had to milk and feed the chickens, and Peradventure cut the kindling and carried in the wood.

"One day they had been down town together, and Mortimer had bought a songbook with the money I gave him. It had the words of an old song set to the tune of Wellington's Farewell. Peradventure had bought horrid candy with his money and had hidden a part of it in the woodshed, where I found it and took it away because I was afraid he would be sick eating candy along with the root beer he had been drinking.

"He discovered that it was gone at about dusk while he and Mortimer were in the woodshed together. Mortimer is as lovely a character as ever lived. He has fine, soft, silky white hair and a skin like an undressed kid. When the two are asleep at night together and I go in at 11 o'clock to see if they are covered up all right, I can't help comparing them, for Peradventure has eyebrows, you know, that he can toss back like a mane when he wants to, and he has a big red beak on him like a penguin, and as you approach him at night you can hear it purr. He also sleeps on his back, and his mouth comes unclamped at times.

"But Mortimer has a soft voice and a noiseless slumber that endears him to every one. He says very little, and if he can't hear very well he lets it go, while Peradventure yells out 'Which?

In a voice that curls the milk down at the springhouse.

"My wife's grandfather is a Baptist and an Abolitionist, while Peradventure is a Mohammedan and kicks because we have to pay the Revolutionary pensioners, though he hasn't paid a cent of tax in 15 years. They have had a good many discussions over politics and religion, but never had any real serious fights. Mortimer could always prove all his statements by the Bible and so could Peradventure.

"Sometimes they would go a little too far, and Mortimer would point all the evening, and Peradventure would flounce off to bed and slam his boots one at a time on the floor when he undressed and tried to scare us. But in the morning both would wake up all pleasant, and Mortimer would tackle a little black pipe he has, while Peradventure would go into the buttry and take a large, comprehensive swallow out of a bottle that has a lonesome old cherry at the bottom of it. At first he took this only in the spring, but now he has gradually added more and more spring months till the robins seem to be nesting most all the time with him.

"I take them to the circus with me every year and sometimes twice, and they remember and talk about it for years afterward. Mortimer is a great admirer of the elephant, and I have all I can do to drag him away from the large beast with the country seat to his pants.

"But Peradventure loves rare animals, such as the jackass bird of Australia and the sacred milk cow of Farther India. He claims that he has seen most everything now that Noah had and some that he couldn't get, like the Polled Angus or moody cow, and other things that Noah advertised for far and wide, but couldn't obtain in those days.

"One day they got into a sort of quarrel over the female acrobat that hangs from the top of the tent by a bunion and holds, suspended in air, by her teeth and a wide suspender an uncle and two other relatives on her father's side. Mortimer claimed to have selected her first, but Peradventure said: 'You better take some one of your own age. Take the child wonder in the sideshow, she's about as tottering as you be.'

"And so they quarreled that way, till finally I thought I would have to take them out, but pretty soon the lion cage was wheeled into the ring, and the curly headed lion tamer, with Hair Broom on his tresses, performed all sorts of feats with the king of beasts, winding up by gagging the king of the forest with his dank dome of thought. Then people applauded the man, forgetting that the poor lion would have to go and eat a cat or an Angora goat to take the taste out of his mouth.

"We have great fun, of course, though in a quiet way, my wife and I comparing notes regarding Mortimer and Peradventure, for they do lots of amusing things. Sometimes it is not so pleasant when they eat too much preserves or drink milk when they have been eating green corn and watermelons.

"But nothing is more beautiful than in the winter evenings by the big open fire to watch Mortimer and Peradventure playing checkers and whistling 'Floyd's Retreat' while they knock a couple of checker men together and crow like a pair of infants.

"I didn't finish telling you, though, how Peradventure hopped on Mortimer and accused him of taking the horrid candy that he had put up on the joist of the woodhouse. Well, Mort denied it, though he didn't of course know that I had done it myself for Peradventure's good, and he said my grandfather ought to know what he was talking about before he tackled folks.

"At that my grandfather said that he had been griveled and galled along long enough by an old fungus like my wife's grandfather, and he might about as well settle him and put him out of his misery now as any time. So he started at him with a wild light in his eyes, but Mortimer had in his mind what I'd told him about being prompt or his life would pay the penalty, so he grabbed the ax that was sticking in the chopping block and made a rush for Peradventure that scared him almost to death.

"Blank your old pelt!" says Mortimer. "If you are in this woodshed in another minute, I'll split you open from the belt to the watch pocket and open you up like a boughed codfish! Now git!"



"NOW GIT!"

"And Peradventure got. He came and told me that my wife's grandfather had a temper that would bring him to a felon's doom before he lived out half his days. It was quite awhile before he dared sleep with Mortimer, but he was so restless by himself of nights and nervous, and wanted a drink of water every eight minutes just to have society, that I got him to go back and sleep with Mortimer again.

"But I must be getting along now for Mortimer gave me 20 cents to buy a couple of packs of freckickers for Peradventure, and some punk."

With that Mr. Pinner went off down the street, and I couldn't help hoping he would have as good a grandson when he was 90 as Peradventure had.

Bill Nye

THE GREAT WHITE CITY.

Fresh Sights of Interest at the World's Fair.

PASSING OF A HUMAN THROG.

The Ebb and Flow of the Great Human Tide—More About High Art—At the Cattle Show—The Country Cousin's Opinion of Chicago.

WORLD'S FAIR, Sept. 14. (Special.)—Let us take a whole day for a tour of Jackson park and note the ever-varying scenes of the successive hours. We must breakfast and be on the street by 7 or soon after, for even at that time our section of the Hyde Park annex is beginning to send its quota to the north and northwest gates. In another hour all the surface cars on the Wash and Cottage Grove and the State street lines will be literally jammed, and strong armed men will be banging on the steps. An hour later the trains on the elevated will be packed, and every few minutes the Illinois Central will bring down a battalion at a trip. By 9 a. m. the great whaleback and other lake boats will be landing at the main pier black with people, and the moving sidewalk whirling along its loads of dizzy humanity.

Besides all these, the 40,000 visitors who live or lodge in the Hyde Park annex will walk to the grounds. We enter at 7:30. How crisp and invigorating a morning breeze from the west the summer heats are pushed, and sightseeing no longer means overheating. And how very clean and white the White City looks as its domes and pinnacles glitter in the rising sun! All the litter left by 175,000 people yesterday has been removed, and all the walks and grass plots freshly sprinkled, for the place starts off every morning as fresh and clean as if just finished. There is not a fleck of dust visible on any exhibit. Even the bronze statues of our great men look as if they had just come from the bath. We enter at Fifty seventh street gate, and turning to the left move across the Interstate avenue to get to the lake shore while it is still in its morning beauty.

To our left in succession are Nebraska, North Dakota, Kansas and Texas, and the last they are all alive preparing for the "Texas day." The women take the lead in the ceremonies because they made it possible for Texas to be represented here, and if I may judge from the strong, sometimes profane, statements I have heard, the governor will not be in it very much. Mrs. Benedette Tobin, president of the women's organization of Texas, is to represent the state and make the address of welcome. Then follow an invocation by Rev. T. B. Lee, an oration by ex-Governor John B. Allen and a speech of thanks and praise for the women of Texas by ex-Governor Hubbard. Next to the women the most greatly honored will be Seymour Thomas, who made the equestrian statue of General Sam Houston, and for him the old Roman decoration of a laurel crown has been revived. Elizabeth Nye will also be honored for art work, and Mr. and Mrs. Katzenberger of San Antonio for their success in organizing the music. Both will today, and he will lead the great chorus.

Passing on eastward between Utah and West Virginia, Missouri and the tri-territorial building (Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma), Idaho, Virginia and Maryland, we find Iowa in the pleasant place on the grounds, both her large porches giving a view of the lake. To our right the six New England states and New Jersey are closely set in a little triangle and do not attract much attention, but there is something well worth seeing in every one of them. In fact, the New Jersey building is quite a surprise in embodied history. It is an exact reproduction of Washington's headquarters at Morristown and is a perfect museum of Revolutionary relics. The interior ornamentation consists very largely of views, chiefly photographic, of the state's noted scenes and seaside resorts. All the New England states show much in the line of historic relics. Thus, Massachusetts has reproduced John Hancock's house in Boston, Vermont has a strikingly original building in which her marble is a great feature. Rhode Island shows us an annex in imitation of the old stone mill at Newport, and Connecticut a fine specimen of the pure colonial style.

Leaving Maine, which is the farthest southwest of the state buildings instead of northeast, as it should be, we enter the foreign group and find nearly all the habitations on the sunny lake beach, for they do not shrink from the sun, and this is their hour of morning leisure. First are the Cingalese, with hair so very black and straight, and combed so tightly back and smooth from the forehead that really it must hurt them; then the Norwegians, Siamese and others in turn down to the caravans, where the fun has already begun. This is wash-day with the Spanish sailors on the Pinta, and so the visitors are delayed an hour or two till the "banging out" is completed, but the attendance has so increased of late that even at 8:30 a. m. an eager crowd is waiting to go on the carousel. There is some spontaneous fun along here and in the live fish department than anywhere else out of the pleasure. In the Art palace an almost funeral silence is observed, and elsewhere there is but a gentle murmur, but in these two places everybody talks and laughs aloud, and jokes are exchanged with the freedom of a county fair.

So early as 9 o'clock the sun is uncomfortably hot on this side and sends up a sort of blinding glare from the lake, so let us saunter back across the grounds, taking the north bridge, from which we have a glorious view of the Art palace across the north pond. On the west side we find the Illinois building, as fresh and cool within as if it had not been crowded all day yesterday. Even the fish in the great pool look cool and rested, and from the high rocky the water pours down with a murmur over the aquatic plants. Out at the west end we find the great avenue filled with a stream of humanity, for three-fourths of the visitors enter at the two north gates and the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-ninth street gates on the west side. Very fresh and gay indeed do all these people look now—husband and wife with children running and skipping beside them, groups of younger people chattering, and the lone ones made gay by seeing the others. It will be amusing to sit on the porch of the Indiana building about 5 this afternoon and note the contrast as these people drag their weary way on the return. You will see no speculation in their eyes then.

Five hours for sightseeing, and then the current in the northwest avenue is in the other direction. And it doesn't look pretty. The women are collapsed; the men are cross; the children are worse. But there stands remain, sprawled here and there on

the grass, reclining in all the spare time of the banks of the lagoons. About 7:30 p. m. there is a smaller but still considerable inward current again. All at once there is a flash of light, a twinkling sound of electric currents, and the domes break into glowing lights, and the White City takes on its night beauty. Then come the colored lanterns in the Court of Honor, the fireworks on the lake front, and to close the marvelous display in the Electricity building.

The other morning I secured the services of my guide and mentor in fine art and launched out.

"We will go first," she said, "to the Nebraska state building, for I have found there some very original wood carving done by women, and I believe you said you knew something about timber. * * * This cherry wood mantel was carved by Mrs. Nisbet of Lincoln, and I want you to take notice that it is the sort of thing which may last forever. There is no reason why her descendants may not keep it for 20 generations, or until those Gothic and Yandals come which Henry George talks about. The finish is as fine as any mahogany, and yet you can see all the delicate designs in the natural wood. And this oak table was carved by Miss Barbour, who teaches in the Lincoln university, and this cedar panel were painted by Miss Anna Morry. Isn't it wonderful for the women of so new a state? And here is a rug of cornshells made by a woman 70 years old, and there is a lace bordered handkerchief done by a still older woman."

Nebraska has indeed a creditable display, and yet I did not realize it on my former inspection. It is wonderful how the company of an intelligent woman does help a man to see things in some of these buildings. In the center of the main room I saw an exhibit of souvenirs made from native woods, loaned by the Governor Furnas. Another exhibit, loaned by his wife, contains samples of the silk made in Nebraska, and the ladies not only think them fine, but claim that the lace handkerchief border made by the very old woman will bear a favorable comparison with those sent here from France and Germany. Colonel Gray—"Buffalo Bill"—has fitted up one corner of this room with a "teepee," stuffed with furs, Indian headwork, bows, arrows and canoes, which make quite an interesting little museum. And this reminds me that William's Indians go about the fair and look at things as curiously as our folks and are a remarkably clean set of aborigines. However, this has nothing to do with high art.

"This fine curtain," said my art guide when we had returned to the women's general exhibit, "is by Mrs. Franka Reeves, and this lot of table cover, embroidered muslin and satin sheeting is but a part of a large display from the east of Washington. I believe that Mrs. Beasman was most active in getting it up, but I would not venture to give the names when I am not sure, so may mean it all things are done that way about this women's work. Ladies who embroider or paint or even sing are generally a little touchy about it, and all through here you'll hear follow Hove and when in doubt take a 'peek' and don't mention it."

"This wool and silk padding is by Mary Putnam, a girl of Massachusetts, and the Boston Society of Decorative Art makes all its display of dainty work. Then there is a work of the Philadelphia School of Artistic Needlework or some such title. At my rate its needlework certainly is art, especially this centerpiece and the napkins with pinnies worked in colors. The bedspread also has silk pinnies in all colors, but I cannot say I admire such combinations. Some people do, of course, or it wouldn't be there. But here is a beauty, an altar cloth in gold and silk colors worked on heavy white silk, and a chalice veil and stole.

"And all this lovely work of the New Orleans ladies and the Kentucky ladies, which it would take me all day to point out the beauties of and take you six months to understand, and Delaware sent four tapestries, and the next time you must take a whole forenoon to see that wonderful exhibit of Auerbach, Bavaria, a view of a city built on the side of a mountain, which rises to the snowy top in the distance, and a great cathedral on the other side, and all the Germans just go into raptures over it, and the folks often come up from the old Vienna in the pleasure just to gaze at it. And now you have got all you can stand for one day, and more than you can understand, and you'd better go down to the cattle show and tranquilize your mind."

At the cattle show I was so fortunate as to meet a distant cousin who is still in the same business down in east central Illinois, where we used to ride after hogs on the open prairie in boyhood, and his account of the changes made me sigh and smile. Less than 40 years ago my father and his neighbors had to drive their corn-bred herds 40 miles west of the Wash and to find abundance of free pasture. In 15 or 16 miles at a stretch without house or fence, no rent or royalty to pay, and heard for the herder and his horse at the poorest farmhouse for \$2.50 a week and the people glad of the company. Now all that region is as thickly settled as central New York. My cousin was full of enthusiasm about the great stock yards. "I delivered 100 prime steers this morning," said he, "and sent 'em slaughtered, skinned, dressed, put in the cooler and started for New York. 'Fore I left, an I reckon if I'd staid over night I could have had a pair of boots made out of 'em. I tell you, this Chicago is the dearest place on this green earth."

My cousin has one of the family traits well developed. Ten days ago Chicago rejoiced in the assurance that the attendance for September would average 150,000 a day. Now nobody talks of less than 175,000, and some think it will homeforth run over 200,000, as it has occasionally passed that mark of late, and some of the biggest days are yet to come. There is the great flower festival on the 20th and 21st; also state commissioners' day on the 22d, Elks and Knights of Honor on the 23d, Christian Endeavor on the 25th, Indian and Odd Fellows on the 26th, and so on to the day for which all the other days are but preparatory, and that's Chic. go day, Oct. 9. J. H. BEADLE.

Pawnbroker to His Majesty.

In traveling about England one is much impressed with the pride of tradesmen who have had the good fortune to enter in some way to the needs of the throne. Gaudy signs greet the eye at nearly every turn upon which one reads that the tradesman there engaged in business is "Clockmaker by Special Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen," and here is "Purveyor of Anchovy Paste to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales," and so on. Among all these are conspicuous by their absence, but if an English newspaper tells the truth, and why should it not in this case?—there was at one time in England a sign that was delicious in the extreme. It read, "By Special Appointment Pawnbroker to His Majesty."

DOCTOR For All Blood Diseases.

LINDSEY'S

BLOOD

SEARCHER

Never Fails

People who want the News while it is News

look for it in "The Independent."

THE FARM LEDGER

The publishers have secured at great expense

A Premium for its County Readers

Which will be given to every new subscriber and to every old subscriber who renews with extra cost. The premium is a

Farm Ledger designed especially for this purpose

It Contains

a time book, and is so ried and provided with printed directions as to enable every farmer to keep his accounts in business like form, and to know at the end of six or twelve months just where he stands.

The price of this Ledger is one dollar.

It can be obtained by itself for less than that sum

The price of The Weekly Independent is also one dollar

The publishers give both for the price of one, when taken together.

THE INDEPENDENT CO.

MASSILLON, O.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO INVALIDS.

DR. H. LESTER KUTCHIN

Principal and Founder of Maplewood Sanitarium and ex-United States Surgeon,

will by special request meet his many patients in Ohio

every month during the next year,

WHEN HE WILL EXAMINE ALL AFFLICTED FREE,

and Make Return Visits on the Same Days and Dates of Each Month.

DR. H. LESTER KUTCHIN,

The Celebrated Author and Medical Lecturer, and Greatest Living Specialist for the Treatment and Cure of any long-standing

and difficult Chronic Diseases, and Diseases of the Blood, Nervous System, and Eye and Ear, has consented to visit

this County and meet his many patients and friends, and give ALL AFFLICTED an opportunity to consult

him FREE OF CHARGE and secure the latest and best treatment for such diseases as the

regular family physician is not prepared to treat.

The Doctor's Reputation is not only National, but Continental, as he has visited Europe three times and treated thousands of cases, and made many remarkable cures, while bringing together his Anatomical Museum and fine collection of Instruments, Appliances, etc.

CHRONIC DISEASES.

The doctor treats no acute diseases, but makes an entire specialty of chronic and long-standing diseases. Cases given up by other doctors and pronounced incurable, are made curable, some in the third day.

Dr. Kutchin has treated over 12,000 cases in Ohio in the last two years, many of which had been given up as incurable, some to the third day.

Dead, and a large number to be invalids for life. But behold, now they see and hear, and many are on the High Road to Health and are improving every day.

The doctor is surrounded with the largest collection of fine instruments ever imported to this country for examining and treating all chronic diseases of the Head, Face, Eye, Ear, Throat, Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Spleen, Brain and Nervous System, Cancer, Tumors, Piles, Swellings, Old Sores, Erysipelas, Gout, Syphilis, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Neuritis, etc., etc., and in fact, all long-standing and Chronic Diseases. All surgical operations performed.

DELAY IS DANGEROUS.

Many diseases are so deceptive that hundreds of persons have them before they even suspect it. They know they are not well, but are perfectly ignorant of the deadly fangs which are fastening upon them, and must sooner or later, certainly destroy them, unless rescued by a skillful hand.

Are you afflicted? Your case may now be perfectly curable, but remember every moment of neglect brings you nearer its fatal end. Do not delay, but consult the most skillful physician can render you no assistance. The present is ours, the future may be too late.

A LIFE OF EXPERIENCE.

The Doctor has had a whole life of study and experience in his profession, and enjoys advantages which fall to the lot of but few.

After attending the highest medical colleges, and after studying with the highest honors, he was not content to stop there, but has since attended other colleges, and several times reviewed the whole profession, has also traveled extensively for the purpose of improvement, having visited the best Medical Colleges, Hospitals, Dispensaries, Eye, Ear, Lung and other Medical and Surgical Institutions on both Continents, traveling thousands of miles both by land and sea, expending thousands of dollars, in procuring every advantage within his command, and devoting the best years of his life to become thoroughly familiar with his profession in all its branches.

CHRONIC DISEASES.

Dr. H. Lester Kutchin treats no acute diseases, but devotes his whole time to the treatment of chronic and long-standing and difficult diseases, cases given up by other doctors and pronounced incurable, are made curable, some in the third day.

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for three months.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1933.

Dr. Ikirt believes in protection for
East Liverpool, and free trade for the
rest of us.

Dr. Ikirt will have many things to
explain, should he ever again become
a candidate.

These are times when Ohio, more
than ever, has occasion to be proud of
John Sherman.

There is a wild and unsubstantiated
rumor about that Senator Puffer in-
tends to cut his whiskers.

When Tom Reed comes to Stark
county he must tell us about the fun he
had with Dr. Ikirt, on Saturday.

As a republic, Brazil does not seem
to be a howling success. Where the
people come in is not exactly plain.

Miss Anthony says that she never
married because she never could toler-
ate the idea of being called anybody's
raffish. Miss Anthony's faith in her
own staying qualities are nothing if
not sublime.

Is it possible that the Indiana train
robbers have found Dalton a congenial
field for further professional labor?
The thrilling accounts of the raid upon
that community on Saturday night
suggest the possibility.

The attractiveness of the Cherokee
strip is greatly reduced by the possi-
bility of settling there. It seems to be
generally agreed that in the handling
of the matter the interior department
proved its own inadequacy.

The country is tired of the silver
talk, but not any more so than Sena-
tors Voorhees and Teller. As leaders
of the silver and anti silver forces they
are compelled at all times to be in their
seats, to direct the fight. They are
both over 60, and the contest is telling
on them.

While the wages are going down and
congress is talking about putting them
down a peg or two lower, our Demo-
cratic friends continue to flutter about
as "friends of the poor workingman."
The "poor workingman" by this time
knows the difference between pro-
fessed and practical friendship.

Our own superintendent and board
of education might, perhaps, be profit-
ed by a study of the course recently
added to old Woodward high school at
Cincinnati. In that institution, whose
record outshines that of any public
high school in this country, the cur-
riculum includes the study of cooking,
and the class at present includes sev-
enty-five young girls. It is frequently
asserted that our high schools do not
meet the requirements of daily life, but
if good cooking is one of the things
taught, the force of the statement
would be much broken. The Cincin-
nati experiment will be watched with
much interest.

Citizens of Stark county who admire
b-sains, no matter of what variety,
should rise up and thank Judge Faw-
cett and associates for procuring for
this county such eminent speakers as
Governor McKinley, ex Speaker Reed,
and Congressman Burrows. It has
been said that the Republican man-
agers proposed to keep the great party
stars out of Ohio this fall, so that all
the glory might be McKinley's. The
announcement above is emphatic no-
tice that the Republican party is great
enough to hear and see its own leaders
without being overcome by their pres-
ence.

It will surprise the people who have
been led to think the pottery business
of this region has been destroyed by
war or of Democratic free trade, that
more were shipped from East Liver-
pool the first week in September of
this year than was shipped the corre-
sponding week last year, when the po-
ttery business was considered prosper-
ous.—Steubenville Gazette.

The Gazette doubtless intends to con-
vey the impression that it does not
fear the Democratic tariff. On this
point it differs materially with Dr.
Ikirt, at least where the pottery inter-
ests are involved.

DR. IKIRT AS A PROTECTIONIST.

The badgering of our own congress-
man, Dr. Ikirt, by glorious Tom Reed,
on Saturday, must have been a sight
for the gods. Dr. Ikirt has heretofore
posed as a tremendous tariff reformer.
He was elected because of a fancied
injury to labor by Mr. Morgan, and
labor, having elected Dr. Ikirt, just as
it elected many free trade congress-
men, is now appalled by its own work.
For the last three weeks petitions have
been flying, and meetings have been
held in East Liverpool, for the purpose

of preventing the removal of duties on
pottery. Sentiment has become so
powerful that on Saturday Dr. Ikirt
turned about face and stood before the
ways and means committee to argue
in favor of high protection for pottery.
He said that the tariff raised prices but
it kept up wages. Then Tom Reed
got hold of our congressional blunder-
and made intellectual meat of him.

MR. WALLACE RE-ENTERS

In the fulness of his wisdom, Presi-
dent Cleveland has appointed Daniel
McIntire, of North Dakota, to be con-
sul general of the United States at
Melbourne, Australia, succeeding
George H. Wallace, who is credited to
Missouri, but is more properly an
Ohioan. Mr. Wallace has a large a-
following of personal friends here that
the following leading editorial pub-
lished by the Evening Standard, on
the eve of his retirement, will be ap-
preciated:

"The retirement of Mr. G. H. Wallace
from the American Consulate in Mel-
bourne is, naturally, a subject for re-
gret. At the Mayor's luncheon yester-
day Mr. Wallace was good enough to
say that the Consul General of Victo-
ria had not been recalled, as he
would always be a permanent resident
in the colony although represented by
different individuals. But that is a
matter which calls for regret. The
position is unchanged, but the men
are different. But with no feeling of
disrespect to Mr. Wallace's unknown
successor, it may still be pointed out
that the former's continuance in his
official position would be exceptionally
pleasing to Melbourne citizens. It
must be some concern to the country
to have its affairs looked up to
by a gentleman who enjoys the re-
spect and confidence of all circles.
This was the position occupied by Mr.
Wallace; consequently, it is a pity that
circumstances do not permit of the
extension of his stay in Victoria."

The compliment is all the higher,
when it is remembered that Mr. Wal-
lace was selected for his far away post
on account of his experience as a wool
grower, and faith in the wisdom of
continued protection for the American
product. Inasmuch as Australia is am-
bitious to supply the world with wool,
his attitude was necessarily in opposi-
tion to sentiment in that country, and
the fact that his individuality and con-
scientious devotion to duty were suffi-
cient to overcome any antagonistic
prejudice speaks volumes for the
wisdom of President Harrison in se-
lecting him.

ON TO THE ASYLUM GROUNDS.

The Street Railway Company Extending
Its Lines.

It will doubtless interest those who
look with suspicion on every move-
ment made and every promise given
by the Canton-Massillon Street Rail-
way Company, to learn that the offi-
cials of that road have already begun
to fulfill their part of the agreement
with the asylum commissioners.

Several months ago ties were hauled
for the extension of the South Erie
street line south to the asylum
grounds. Business conditions made it
advisable to suspend operations for a
time, but the beginning of work by
Contractors Lomax & Boyle and Cot-
tins & Co., on the asylum building
foundations, has caused action on the
part of the railway people and their
work was resumed yesterday, when
rails were hauled and deposited
along the road. As there will be
practically no grading to do it is
expected to hurry the road right
through, and it can probably be com-
pleted in about one week's time.

General Agent Killinger said this
morning that upon the completion of
the extension it will be put into im-
mediate use, and all South Erie street
cars will be run to the grounds. This
will without doubt result in a large
increase in traffic on the Erie street
line, as it will not only enable work-
men to reach the grounds, but will
permit Sunday sightseers to visit the
place and inspect the buildings as they
progress toward completion.

A Battle for Blood

Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously
fights and it is always victorious in
expelling all the foul taints and giving
the vital fluid the quality and quantity
of perfect health. It cures scrofula,
salt rheum, boils and all other troubles
caused by impure blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ill. 25c.
Sent by mail on receipt of price by J.
Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell,
Mass.

She Committed Suicide.

Mrs. F. C. Cone, at Paris left this
letter: "My husband—Forgive me if I
cause you trouble, but I suffer so. You
do not know what these long, wakeful,
wretched nights are to me, and I am so
tired, darling—the pain will never be
better. It is not easy to take my own
life, but I have been sick so long.
Good-by, my husband, I love you—your
wife." This is but one of thousands
that give up, instead of using Dr.
Miles' Restorative Nervine and being
speedily cured of their wretchedness.
Go to Z. T. Baitzky and get an elegant
book and trial bottle free.

A Good Thing To Keep at Hand

From the Troy (Kan.) Chief: Some
years ago we were very much subject
to serve spells of cholera morbus; and
now when we feel any of the symp-
toms that usually proceed that ailment,
such as sickness in the stomach, diar-
rhea, etc., we become scared. We have
found Chamberlin's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhea Remedy the very thing to
straighten one out in such cases, and
always keeps it about. We are not
writing this for a pay testimonial, but
to let our readers know what is a good
thing to keep handy in the house. For
sale by Morganthaler & Heister.

The Engineer

Of the Wakefield, Mass., Rattan Works,
C. N. Young, says: In all cases of
biliousness, accompanied with those
terrible sick headaches, I have found
no other medicine that seems to take
hold and do the good that your Sul-
phur Bitters does. It is the best family
medicinal.

DR. IKIRT'S DISTRESS.

OUR CONGRESSMAN IN THE HANDS
OF TOM REED.

The East Liverpool Man Fights and Makes
a Powerful Plea for Protection—A Rare
Scene Before the Ways and Means Com-
mittee—The Dialogue.

A Washington dispatch to the Cleve-
land Leader says: "Another innocent
fell into the hands of Mr. Reed today,
during the hearing before the ways
and means committee. This innocent
wasn't a lawyer from Baltimore, but a
doctor from East Liverpool, O. His
name was Ikirt, George P., and he is a
congressman as well as a journalist.
Dr. Ikirt says of himself in the con-
gressional directory that he is 'plain
of manner and firm in his convictions,'
also that he 'has long been considered
one of the staunch leaders and counsel-
ors of the Democracy of the eastern
part of the state.' The doctor repre-
sents McKinley's old district in con-
gress. Last autumn he shouted clamor-
ously with great energy all over the dis-
trict. Meanwhile he stood with both
feet upon the Democratic platform,
which declares that protection is a fraud
and likewise a robbery. Today the
doctor was in bad health. He said he
had been 'rattling with the malaria,'
consequently his speech would be
brief. But it wasn't. It was long and
very dry. The fireworks and fun
came at the end when Mr. Reed began
his cross examination. Remarkable
as it may seem the doctor made a high
tariff speech. He appeared before the
committee as the champion of the po-
tories of East Liverpool, which are in
his district.

"For twenty years," he said, "it has
been recognized by all who have made
themselves familiar with the facts, that
justice and right demanded that this
industry be recognized."

The doctor told more truths and
talked more sense and cited more facts
in the hour he was up than he ever did
before in all the course of his political
life. He read yards of figures and ex-
plained countless tables. He confessed
that the wages paid to American po-
ttery were twice as large as were the
wages paid to German potters. There-
fore the pottery industry of East Liver-
pool and America ought to be "con-
sidered." All the Republicans agreed
with him. There were twenty eight
potters in East Liverpool and two
large mills for grinding flint. There
was \$3,500,000 of invested capital, and
in 1892 there were 5,084 car loads of
freight shipped out of East Liverpool
and many more shipped in. The value
of the output in 1891 was \$2,500,000.
Three thousand five hundred people
were employed in the industry.
"Therefore," said the doctor to the re-
porters, "it is well worthy of consid-
eration and preservation."

The doctor was right, and the re-
porters gave him to understand that
they thought so. Continuing, the
leader and counselor of the Democracy
of eastern Ohio said that German po-
ttery could be shipped over the ocean
and laid down in New York for less
than pottery could be shipped by rail
from East Liverpool to New York.
People might criticize the present duty
on pottery, the duty laid upon it by
the McKinley law, yet the importations
were increasing from year to year and
were larger in 1892 than in 1891.

"I aver," declared the doctor to a
specialized reporter from Pittsburgh,
"that the tariff should stand." There
were three facts that the doctor was
sure of. There was, first, a marked
difference in the cost of producing
American and foreign pottery. Second,
the importation, under the McKinley
law, had increased and not decreased.
Third, the government was the gainer
because its revenues were thus en-
larged. The doctor made all these
confessions on his own responsibility
and "had not consulted with any man
or manufacturer at any time or place." The
doctor's peroration was very beautiful.
"After all," he said, looking at a fat
correspondent from New York, "we
are but clay in the hands of the great
potter."

Then Thomas B. Reed opened his
floating batteries and also his forts on
the hill side. Someone had told him
who Ikirt was and how he had been the
song of distress and free trade last fall.
Reed followed the tactics of the Demo-
crats on the committee when they in-
terrogated manufacturers and work-
ingmen who came here to ask that the
McKinley tariff be let alone.

"How much of the tariff tax is add-
ed to the price of East Liverpool pottery?"
he asked.

The doctor hesitated, stammered and
said he couldn't answer the question.
To be consistent in a measure, now
ever, he thought that a tax was added,
but he couldn't tell how much.

"You come here then," said Reed,
"and ask us to tax 65,000 people for
the benefit of a few of your constitu-
ents."

The doctor at this point ceased to
look at the reporters. He cocked his
head to one side, and while crouching
nervously at the table in front of him
kept his eye on Reed. He twisted about
a good deal, and finally advanced the
apier did Republican argument that if
the American potteries "should be
crushed out" it was more than likely
that the prices of foreign pottery would
be increased. Consequently the 65,
000,000 weren't being robbed, but pro-
tected against high prices in the fu-
ture.

"The cotton growers haven't any
protection, have they?" inquired Reed,
in imitation of Turner of Georgia.
"Nor have the great wheat growers
any protection that does them any
good. Yet the prices of cotton and
wheat are made in free trade England.
But you want to tax the men who grow
these products for the benefit of your
constituents?"

"Now I shall convince you," began
the very much confused doctor.

"Don't convince me," replied Reed,
"convince the Democracy on the com-
mittee. I am already convinced. They,
however, don't seem to be."

At this juncture the doctor was seen
to be perspiring. The Democrats on
the committee had turned their backs
to him, and the onlookers were con-
vulsed with laughter. "My position
is this," shouted the leader and coun-
selor of the Democracy of Ohio, who is a
"plain of manner and firm in his con-
viction," "I hold that a tariff should be

levied sufficient to meet the wants of
government honestly and economically
administered."

"You said Reed," I remember that.
It's quite a long list." "I don't believe
in the destruction of any industry,"
continued the doctor. "Especially if it is in your district,"
Reed replied.

"Let me get through," exclaimed
the leader and counselor.

"I want to help you," said Reed.
"I don't want any of your help," the
counselor answered somewhat pata-
lly. "Wages are higher in this
country than in Europe, and for that
reason I believe in a tariff for revenue
and incidental protection. The Demo-
cratic party doesn't propose," con-
tinued the leader from Eastern Ohio,
"to close American factories for the
benefit of European plutocrats."

IN EUROPEAN QUARTERS.

"But," Reed interrupted, "as the
tariff is a tax, how do you justify the
infliction on the cotton and wheat
growers?"

"By—by—by right and equity," re-
plied the counselor.

"In other words, you want reasonable
protection for your own industry,"
said Reed.

"I want protection for anybody's,"
answered the leader. "For anybody's,"
he repeated. "When it is necessary
for me to live I have investigated this
matter."

"I believe you have," Reed said.
There was a Democrat here yesterday
who had investigated the pearl button
industry. You come today and tell
us you have been investigating the
pottery industry. I think it would be
a good thing if other Democrats would
do some investigating."

"As I was saying some time ago,"
the leader from Eastern Ohio continued,
"the wages of—"

"O," said Reed, you desire to re-
turn to that question. I have no ob-
jection to discussing it with you."

"I have been at your service al-
ready," replied the doctor, with a
tired smile.

"Well, I think you have," answered
Reed, and while fifty people were
laughing until they almost wept the
leader and counselor retreated to the
corridor without.

DAVY AT THE FAIR.

Another Letter from a Special Corre-
spondent.

Another letter has been received
from THE INDEPENDENT's young spe-
cial correspondent, Davy Davis, who,
in company with his father, is seeing
lots of interesting sights in England
and Wales. It reads as follows:

ROSE HILL COTTAGE, GILPACH COCH,
South Wales, Sept. 20. Just a few lines
to let you know how South Wales. Most
of the strikers have gone to work
again in South Wales, and I think they
will all go in after awhile. A large
meeting was held in Ponty Pridd, a
few weeks ago to settle to go to work.
Last Sunday I was at the "rooking
stone," a large boulder which on the
least weight will begin to rock. That
rock is where the colliers' meeting was
held, and where the chairman stood.
The last time I wrote to you I prom-
ised to tell you about St. Mary's Hill
fair and the E. M. Anthony Howells.
We will probably see him next week.
Thousands of horses were at the fair
for sale, but I don't think they sold
many. The fairs here are different
from those in America. The people
here want to sell everything they have.
There are many kinds of shows and
many refreshment stands. Most of the
latter are kept by ladies. We were
through Llantur and Llantrisant, last
week. At Llantur, Varde parish,
there is a grave to be seen that is 270
years old. I think this is something
new for you. There are also many
other old graves, but I think there are
none so old as the one named. There
is plenty of fruit to be seen here this
year, especially at the market here in
Ponty Pridd, where fruits, meats, can-
dies, tinware, clothing, etc., are sold. It
is open only on Wednesdays and Sat-
urdays, and it is always crowded. Beef
and mutton here is from eighteen to
twenty cents a pound.

I think we will go to the seaside
soon, and then we will have more news
for you. We see some American meat
here which is cheaper than the South
Wales meat. There are many sheep
on the mountains. There is much
Welsh bacon, and I think Mr. Howells
came here to get some of it. I will say
no more at present.

Yours very respectfully,

DAVID DAVIS.

A New West Side Church.

The Ohio canal divides the North
and East conferences of the Methodist
church, so that a portion of the city of
Massillon is controlled by the North
conference, which will meet in Woos-
ter on September 27. Dr. J. L. Mc-
Gible is making an effort to secure
action on the part of the conference
that will lead to the establishment of a
second church in this place, and to
that end has secured many signatures
to the following petition:

"We, the residents of West Massillon
and friends of the Methodist Epis-
copal church, respectfully pray and
petition the North Ohio conference to
set apart West Massillon and West
Brookfield as a separate charge, and
also to send a man to take charge of
the work and organize a charge in
West Massillon and to recommend the
missionary society to set apart not less
than \$300 for maintenance of the min-
ister for the first year."

Let the World Know You are in It.

It seems almost a crime for a man
to "hide his light under a bushel." If
he has something new that will benefit
the human race, he should make it
known. Old foggy physicians tread the
beaten path of their grandfathers, de-
nounce advertised remedies, and never
learn anything new. Medical science
knows no parallel to Dr. Pierce's Fa-
vorite Prescription, compounded by a
physician of skill and long experience,
especially for the maladies which
afflict women. It effects a permanent
cure of those agonizing disorders which
attack the frail organism, and is an
anchor of hope alike to delicate girls
and suffering women; contains no de-
leterious drugs. A guarantee on the
bottle wrapper, refunding the price in
case of failure. Of druggists, \$1.

Do you want engraving properly
done? Anything from a calling card
to a wedding invitation. See the In-
dependent Co. for prices.

DALTON GREATLY EXCITED

THE WHOLE TOWN TORN UP OVER
BOLD BURGLARS.

A Poss of Officers and Citizens are Secu-
ring the Country in Search of Two Fel-
lows who Entered Half a Dozen Houses.
—Mysterious Features.

The village of Dalton was visited on
Saturday night by burglars, whose
bold and flandish actions gave the
quiet little place a shock that will dwell
forever in the minds of its inhabitants.
The crooks were two in number, and
literally took possession of the town.
They first entered Joseph Iber's drug
store, and after ransacking the place
forced an entrance into the saloon and
residence of Jacob Oswald, McDowell
& Jamison's hardware store and three
private residences.

The last place they visited was the
home of William H. Sellers. At the
Sellers residence the conduct of the
men was so base that should they be
captured it will be impossible to keep
the fiends from the angry citizens who
are now eagerly waiting for the offi-
cers, who are working on the case to
report some clew as to their where-
abouts.

Miss Maud McMahon, a daughter of
Deputy Superintendent McMahon of
the Cleveland police force, was the
guest of Miss Kittle Sellers, who is 17
years of age, and the young ladies
occupied the same room on the second
floor of the house. They were rudely
awakened by a man who stood over
them with a revolver pointed at their
heads, threatening to shoot to kill if
they made an outcry. The intruder
demanded to know where he could find
money, and Miss Sellers answered that
there was none in the house. The vil-
lain then resorted to profanity, and
after subjecting Miss Sellers to indig-
nities with threats to kill both girls,
agreed to proceed to ransack the house.
Down stairs, where the room was entered
and Mr. Sellers' watch taken. There
must have been two men in the house
and while one was up stairs the other
coolly prepared a lunch which both
enjoyed without interruption.

The girls' room was again visited
and again the young ladies, who were
frightened beyond giving utterance,
were shamefully treated. The inhu-
man fiends were finally frightened
away but the girls did not give the
alarm until daylight, thinking the
men were still in the house.

While in McDowell & Jamison's
hardware store the burglars were fired
upon by a citizen who lives directly
opposite, but after exchanging a few
shots succeeded in making their es-
cape. They were tracked to the W. &
L. E. depot by a posse of excited resi-
dents and it is the general opinion
that the fugitives came toward Mas-
sillon on a freight train. A Stark
county convict recently released from
the penitentiary and who was seen in
Dalton on Thursday, is suspected of
having been connected with the affair.
Marshal Hagan and the local officers
have joined the pursuers, but as yet no
clue has been established.

Late this afternoon the Canton offi-
cers sent word that they would arrive
in Massillon on the next train with a
man who had been arrested at that
place on suspicion. Dalton people
have been notified to come to Massil-
lon to try and identify him.

A U. S. J. brakeman named J.
N. Smith was arrested here last even-
ing and was taken to Dalton by Mar-
shal Hagan and Officer Wissmar last
night. Smith seemed very indignant
over his arrest, and was very anxious
to be taken to Dalton. The young
ladies, who claimed that they could
identify the man, as they saw his face
in a ray of light that came from a
lighted lamp down stairs, stated that
they felt sure that Smith was the man,
but he could not have been in Dalton
at the time stated by the girls, as he
was seen in this city by the officers at
the same time. Smith, therefore, was
released.

Marshal Hagan remained in Dalton
all night and questioned the Misses
Sellers and McMahon thoroughly.
They describe the fellow as being short
and heavy set with a stubby beard.
They only saw but one man, and the
strange thing about the affair is the
fact that men did not want valuables
on money when they did succeed in
finding it. Mr. Sellers' watch was se-
cured, also a purse containing a respec-
table sum of money but both were left
in the girls' room. Marshal Hagan
states that this is more mysterious case
than any he has ever before handled,
and is at a loss to know exactly what
to do, though he has several slight
clews which will be run to earth.

From Tuesday's Daily.

The leading spirit in the Dalton bur-
glary of Saturday night is still at large,
and his identity is as mysterious as
ever. The Dalton people are eager in
the chase, and have strong hopes of
running the fellows implicated to
earth. As stated in yesterday's issue,
a man named Hartle was arrested in
Canton late yesterday afternoon on
suspicion of being an accomplice of the
man who entered the Sellers residence.
Hartle, who formerly lived in Dalton,
is an ex-convict, having served a term
in the Ohio penitentiary for a like
charge. He was brought to this city
by Officer Harding, and was handed
over to the Dalton constable and his
deputy and taken to that place at once
for identification.

Hartle was seen in Dalton in the
early part of the evening on which the
burglary took place, and could not be
found early the next morning. He
was the first man suspected of being
connected with the matter, and was
soon located in Canton. The full de-
scription of the man who entered Miss
Sellers' room has been telegraphed
about the country and every officer is
on the lookout.

It was reported yesterday that a
man answering the description given
had been seen hanging about Somer-
dale the morning after the burglary,
and as the men were suspected of
taking a south bound W. & L. E.
freight when hotly pursued, this re-
port may have some foundation,
though the officers in that locality

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

failed to make anything out of it.

As soon as the officers arrived in Dal-
ton with their prisoner they informed
the latter of their intention of taking
him before the Misses McMahon and
Sellers. On hearing this Hartle seemed
very uneasy and stated that he would
not talk with the girls and did not
want to see them. He was taken to
the house, however, and when led
into the room where the young ladies
were he refused to look up and en-
deavored to hide his face.

Hartle is not suspected of having
been in the girls' room and in no way
answers the description given by them.
The officials tried to draw him into
conversation while in the house, but
failed.

The hearing of Hartle, whose first
name is Otto, was set for 2 o'clock this
afternoon. The prisoner claims he
can prove an alibi at his request. The
following witnesses in his defense were
subpoenaed: Marshal Thomas Hagan,
Thomas Mellon, Herman Steele, M.
Story and Addie Tucker, of this city.

Hartle was seen in company with
Fred Stone, of Wooster, in Charles
Fogel's saloon at 10 o'clock Saturday
night by Tom Mellon and several oth-
ers. The former passed him on
Main street early Sunday morning.
Several Dalton people, however, claim
to have seen him in Dalton on Sunday
morning. Marshal Hagan saw Hartle
in this city, but it was early in the
week. The Tucker woman came here
with Hartle from Smithville some time
ago.

ANOTHER MAN ARRESTED.

Jacob Otto, who resides between
Smithville and Orrville has also been
arrested on suspicion; the only clue the
marshal possessed was the fact that a
Wooster newspaper, addressed to Otto,
was found in the woods near Dalton
early Sunday morning. Otto will have
his hearing with Hartle at 2 o'clock
this afternoon.

The story told by the girls on Sun-
day morning is now being doubted by
a number of Dalton people, and even
the authorities are inclined to the be-
lief that there is something wrong with
the Sellers case, and think that the
girls were so badly frightened that they
did not realize what they were saying.

At 2:30 o'clock this afternoon a tele-
phone message to THE INDEPENDENT
from Dalton says that the hearing of
Hartle is just about to begin before
Mayor P. J. Harrold. The court room
and street are crowded with citizens
and excitement runs high. Things are
looking bad for the prisoner. One
witness, a man, says he will swear that
he saw Hartle on the streets at 4
o'clock Sunday morning. When taken
into the presence of the girls, last
night, Hartle hung his head and re-
fused to let them hear the sound of his

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

TOM REED OF MAINE.

A GREAT ATTRACTION ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE.

No Whetting of the Public Appetite Precedes His Speaking—Ingalls as a Player to the Galleries—Pen Picture of a Noted and Picturesque Figure.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—There is nothing in congress like ex-speaker Reed addressing the house. It is a thing from everything else distinct and apart. The visitor who sees the house of representatives with any other of the 350 members on the floor gets one view of the American house of representatives. The visitor who sees the house with Tom Reed on his feet gets another view. A historical painter spreading the house on his canvas would find it necessary to change the features of every member to depict the house without and then with Reed as the orator. There might be the same faces on the floor, but the general tout ensemble would be changed, and the individual expressions that go to make up the whole of the scene would justify a resort to the style of patent medicine advertisements and the marking of the paintings "Before" and "During Talking."



REED HURLING ORATORY.

speaker rose to address the house, for, though I do not know whether he speaks English and could understand what was being said, his eyes alone would have told him something interesting had arisen with the rising of the big man from Maine.

There is nothing theatrical about the ex-speaker. No long whetting of the public appetite precedes his speechmaking. When he has something to say, he gets up and says it.

Ex-Senator Ingalls was accustomed to play to the galleries, as it were, and have stage properties aid him in making a deep impression. I remember one of Ingalls' last great speeches in the senate, and what a lot of stage business preceded it. Announcement was made unofficially and at first vaguely that the Kansas would be heard from on a certain topic, and that he entertained very radical views on the subject and would say something startling. Later a day was named for the speech. That day the senate was packed. The public waited impatiently, and then it was noised around that the affair would not come off then, and that the date announced had been unauthorized.

Vanderbilt's \$10,000 chef when asked the secret of successful cookery said that to have his dishes thoroughly appreciated he kept his patron waiting a half hour in expectation. Ingalls did likewise. Public expectation raised to a sufficient degree, he stated on the floor of the senate that he would address that body at a certain time.

All being ready, at the proper moment the page boys brought in the books of reference, the ice water and accessories, and about five minutes before he was to speak the chief actor strolled in cold as a winter wind. Though the day was warm, his attenuated form was wrapped tightly in a trim frock coat closely buttoned.

When "Tom Reed," as he is called by every member, is to speak is seldom known. The only indications of it are a nervous attention to what is going on in the house and signs that his collar is beginning to chafe him from supposed wrath and scorn. Something in the debate occurs to stir him, or his darling rules are attacked. There is a rising and unliking of a huge, awkward form in a loose suit of coarse Kentucky tow, a high pitched nasal utterance of "Mr. Speaker" as he rises, and word goes out into the corridors that Reed is speaking. The ebb tide of members out of the house—for, save on special occasions, it seems as though members generally were leaving and not entering the hall—ceases, and a return flow sets in rapidly, constituents in the corridors being speedily dismissed and the pretty girls in the ladies' waiting space in Statuary hall told to come again.

Within the house all the chairs near Mr. Reed fill, the brass railing at the back becomes lined with members, and a deep fringe gathers in the open space beneath the desks of the speaker and his clerks.

ings of Mississippi, Tarnsey of Missouri, Caruth of Kentucky, Cockran of New York, Kilgore and Culberson of Texas, Allen of Mississippi and O'Neill of Massachusetts, admire the brightness of the shafts, even though hurled at their side of the house, and would really regret to see Mr. Reed go out of congress, a tower of strength though they admit him to be on the Republican side.

There is nobody in the house at all like Reed. He would not fit at all in the senate. In the house his place is unique, and so is his own appearance. His full, ponderous form, with lots of flesh and a girth of waist that would do credit to King Gambrinus, his big, open, heavy face, small, ferretlike eyes and little turned up nose make it impossible to mistake him. Clad in his tow suit several sizes too big for him, there is a reminder of the sawdust ring and the big waisted clown scattering jokes around and astonishing the multitude by doing all the tricks of the experts.

The speech of Mr. Reed is peculiar to himself and inimitable. He never uses notes, but there is always a finish to the sentences that evidences his close and daily reading of good literature. Apparently the whole of his remarks have been put into pretty good shape in his own memory, the best points rounded off and then the whole polished in the course of his extemporaneous speaking, and the spry of the moment. His diction is good, direct and precise. The stenographer's task is an easy one. Mr. Reed talks slowly and goes along at his own gait, seldom hurried or concerned as to getting through rapidly. The hard part about reporting his speeches is that he plunges right through and never stops to permit an interruption, due to the always hearty reception of his cleverest points.

A peculiar thing about him is that without apparent effort almost every sound penetrates to the farthest end of the hall. His voice is high, and the pitch penetrates everywhere. Professor Bryce, in his work on "American Commonwealths," condemns the hall of our house of representatives as too large and as destructive of either good speaking or else of good thought, by requiring too much physical exertion of the debaters in order to make themselves heard. Bourke Cockran, powerful as he is, finds trouble in speaking in the house and uses up a great deal of physical energy in making a speech, but apparently it comes as easy to Reed to make him heard in the house as it would in a private room.

Mr. Reed's manner in speaking is indicative throughout of self confidence and disdain of the opposition. There is not the least suggestion that he can possibly be wrong or that the other side can be other than wholly wrong. It does not matter if numbers are against him, and if he knows his cause is lost the same absolute conviction that he is right and that he can afford to wait for time to demonstrate the absolute and unquenchable verities is apparent.

He seems an incarnation of the adage, "The strong man is strongest when alone." His gestures are all those of defiance and of assertion. He omits the curling sweep of the right arm so frequently used by orators or the downward sweep of both arms frequently used to denote emphasis. In its stead the huge arm is drawn up until the fingers appear to swell beneath the knee coat sleeve and is then shot outward as if daring the opposition to come on.

It takes debate and heat to draw him out. Outwardly cool, he is inwardly hot. He shows it after he has finished talking and sits down to listen to the answer of the other side. His usual attitude at this time is leaning forward, his arm on his knee keeping a large palm leaf fan in vigorous motion.

C. H. MERILLAT.

A NATURAL ICEHOUSE.

Lewistown, Mont., Sept. 14.—About 15 miles north of Lewistown, Mont. and two miles from the Gilt Ed mine, there has been discovered a cave similar to none known in the United States. The discovery was made by Mr. Charles Kelly while prospecting. About a week later a party of six, headed by Mr. Kelly and equipped with muskets, axes, picks, ropes and overalls, visited the curious cave for the purpose of exploration.

The party reached the entrance of the cave about 10 o'clock in the morning, and immediately began their investigation. The mouth of the cave is an irregular crevice in the sloping ledge, the distance of about 100 feet the bottom is almost level, and the crevice widens gradually to a width of nearly 50 feet. Then there is an incline of about 20 degrees for a distance of 50 yards. Here, instead of a rocky floor, a solid body of ice was found. Fifteen minutes of hard work with the axes and picks showed that the ice was solid to a depth of more than two feet.

The party continued their journey for about three-fourths of a mile from the entrance till the winding avenues and rooms made it hazardous to proceed further, danger of losing their way back to daylight being imminent, owing to the fact that a compass carried by one of the party had become useless on account of being affected by vast deposits of iron in the walls of the cave. Much difficulty would have been experienced in returning only for the forethought of a member of the party, who marked the route taken by strikes of an ax.

The width of the cave varies at different points from 25 to 350 or 400 feet, and the roof at some points reaches within four feet of the men, and in many places so high that it could not be seen by the light given out by the lamps carried by the explorers. At no point in the cave was any water found, only an occasional dripping from the roof. In places drafts of air were encountered that almost extinguished the lamps carried. Mr. William Aracany has located a mineral claim at the entrance of the cave, and in this way intends to secure it from the government.

D. M. CARR.

DEAD AS A DOORNAIL.

WHERE LAST YEAR'S NEWSPAPERS ARE WORTH A DOLLAR.

Observations of the Bahama Islands—An Extremely Simple People—A Few Weeks at Spanish Wells—Where a Dollar is a Luxury.

[Special Correspondence.] SPANISH WELLS, Bahama Islands, Sept. 4.—If you are in need of quiet and rest, take passage in a Baltimore fruiter and come to the Bahamas. Come to Spanish Wells, at the north end of Eleuthera Island. It is worse than a house after the family has moved out. I have been here a week, and now I would pay a dollar for a last year's newspaper. But aside from being dead, the place is not so bad, after all. The settlement is not pretty, but the surroundings are very attractive.

The town is on a small island, with Eleuthera just across the way. A channel runs between them. It is narrow at the mouth, broadens into a harbor and then in a slender passage runs out to the west. Palms and other tropical plants grow thickly on each island. Spanish Wells numbers about 300 people. Here we see the Bahamian in his pristine beauty. The type does not vary much. Swarthy as the sun can make him. Broad brimmed palmetto hat, loose shirt and patched pants. He chews and smokes—if he can get a weed. He never wears shoes; therefore in the mud we see real feet. The toes are widespread and capable of independent motion. They are innocent of that fashionable appendage—the corn. These feet are covered on top with a sun-burned skin, while on the bottom the epidermis is as tough as leather. Nay, I believe a Bahamian could walk where a shod foot could not tread. At first I used to gaze with admiration at the feet that visited our schooner.

The inhabitants of the place call us Yankees. They are a very kindly but exceedingly inquisitive people. We keep open house all day and night. Crowds visit us, much as Americans do a circus. But we pay, not they. They rarely see strangers. Probably we are the first Yankee landmen who have ever been to Spanish Wells. Being Americans, they wanted our money. Men and women come to us from even Current, 10 miles away, and try to sell us curious shells, etc. One man offered us a poor lone chicken. He asked us if we had ever seen such an animal. That illustrates the simplicity of these Bahamians. They do not envy us. They have no idea of the life led in the great outside world.



PHILIP, THE BAHAMIAN.

I know old men in Spanish Wells who have never seen a horse or a four wheel vehicle. Persons live and die here and never go 20 miles from the settlement. They do not know what a sidewalk is. Nassau, 40 miles away, is their ideal. "Why," said Joe Pindar to me, "Nassau is a city, boy. Hit has 6,000 people, hand the streets are so wide carriage can drive along hand leave room for persons to walk on beach side." As can be seen, the Bahamians are "cockney."

We told Joe we lived 1,100 miles from water. "Hand has there land enough for that?" he exclaimed. Fancy running an electric car through the island, some dark night when the trolley and the wheels spit fire! It would send the poor devils on their knees in a twinkling.

After the chicken episode Philip brought a sack of land crabs to us. These crabs are enormous and swarm on the islands. The natives catch them at night, when the animals come out of their holes. Hardly a night passes that we do not see lanterns flashing along the shores, giving evidence that a crab hunt is in progress. The crustaceans are eaten greedily by the islanders. The eggs are esteemed a delicacy and really are very good. Philip deposited a squirming sack on the deck. Here is a typical Bahamian, and I took him and the crabs at one-shot with a camera. It is a wonderful diver. Most of these people are, Philip says he can go down nine fathoms—54 feet. That is a long dive, as three fathoms causes a fellow to head to ring.

TOBACCO CULTURE.

An Industry That Has Made Many a Poor Farmer Rich.

[Special Correspondence.] HARTFORD, Sept. 14.—The color of cigar wrappers is a question of fashion. Sometimes the light colored wrapper is the most popular, then again the dark wrapper is the one most used. Just now the light colored wrapper made from the Connecticut leaf is having its day, and it is bringing a high price in the market.

The Connecticut valley is one of the oldest tobacco growing districts in the United States, and the quality of the tobacco there grown ranks with the best in the world. The industry has made many poor men wealthy, and from Hartford north to the state line the country is dotted with magnificent homes built, as it were, on a foundation of "straight tens."

So great an outlay of money is necessary to the growth of tobacco in this locality that a man of moderate means is barred out of it. It is a way of investing thousands of dollars so that they will draw a large rate of interest.

To produce a fine grade of tobacco the Connecticut valley land must be richly fertilized, and for that purpose hundreds of tons of stable offal are shipped annually from New York city at an immense outlay of money. Some growers think that there is more virtue in cottonseed meal and Indian meal and plaster their land with them, often bringing the cost of fertilization up to \$80 an acre, and as the average tobacco farm contains 35 acres it will be seen that fertilizing it costs each year a round sum of money.

The growth of the tobacco plant is slow and attended with much labor. The most of the tobacco grown in Connecticut is from Cuba seed that is sown in hot beds as early as the 20th of March. The plants are set out from the 1st to the 15th of June about 3 1/2 feet apart. If it is a hot, dry season, the young plants are protected by green grass that is spread over them during the day and removed at night. The plants are carefully nursed until they are five or six inches high. Then hoeing begins and is kept up until the last of August, when harvest commences.

The tobacco worm, if left to itself, plays sad havoc with the plant. It is a voracious creature and destroys with great rapidity. It gets upon the under side of the leaf and eats a small round hole through it rendering it useless as a wrapper and sending the leaf down to the third grade. Each plant in a tobacco field must be carefully inspected each day and these worms destroyed. Another menace to the plant and one which there is no protection is called the "August hail." It is a hailstorm peculiar to the valley from the 1st to the 20th of August. It cuts the leaves badly, and in a few minutes will damage many thousand dollars' worth of property.

If left to itself, the tobacco plant grows tall and blossoms at the top like the mullein. In order that the leaves may grow large, the main stalk is cut off several inches from the top. This is called "topping," and it takes place about the middle of August. The stalk, at the point where it is cut, sends forth a resinous substance that covers the wound and in a few hours hardens. From this time the leaves grow very rapidly.

The time at which the cutting begins depends upon the growth of the plant. Ordinarily the work commences Sept. 1. The stalk is cut close to the ground and allowed to lie several hours in the sun until it is wilted. The leaves are then tough. When first cut, they are brittle and in handling are apt to break. When they have been exposed to the sun long enough, the stalks are removed to the tobacco barns.

The tobacco barns are long buildings, so made that the sides and ends may be opened on hinges. There are ventilators in the roof and small doors in the sides—at the bottom and top—so arranged that the ventilation may be regulated to suit the weather. Running across these barns from wall to wall are two tiers of slats or wires, and upon these the tobacco stalks are hung, top down, by means of a nail that is driven slanting-wise through the bottom of the stalk.

The curing process continues several weeks, much depending on the weather and during that time the greatest caution is observed to see that the ventilation is favorable to perfectly coloring the leaves, as it is upon this that their value depends. The change of color in curing tobacco is largely due to a process of fermentation which takes place in the hanging leaves and for which a certain amount of moisture in the leaf is absolutely necessary. It is necessary that the air should circulate freely around each leaf. If the leaves are dried too rapidly, the veins show white and bluing and are rendered low in grade. When the proper or desired color in the leaf is reached, the tobacco is given greater ventilation and rapidly dried out. This is called "fixing the color."

The crop is measured until it is sold. In the curing houses it is threatened with "pale burn" and "stem rot," a disease that is caused by the plant being cut too green or by a too damp atmosphere. It makes its appearance in the stem of the plant and rapidly spreads to the tips of the leaves. When cured, the leaves are stripped from the stalks and sorted. The leaves growing in the middle of the stalk are called prime wrappers or first quality. There are two lower grades. The leaves are packed flat and closely pressed together in half packed packages, in which form they are sold. Sometimes a tobacco raiser doesn't get his crop ready for the market until midwinter. The price commanded by Connecticut tobacco is from 10 cents a pound for the lowest grade to 15 cents a pound for the first grade.

Two men, however, California has produced so many wonderful things that one is not at all surprised at discovering that a woman astronomer who has fair one day to rival Maria Mitchell and Caroline Herschel. The California astronomer is Miss R. O'Halloran. She is the first woman to be made a member of the Pacific Coast Astronomical society.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

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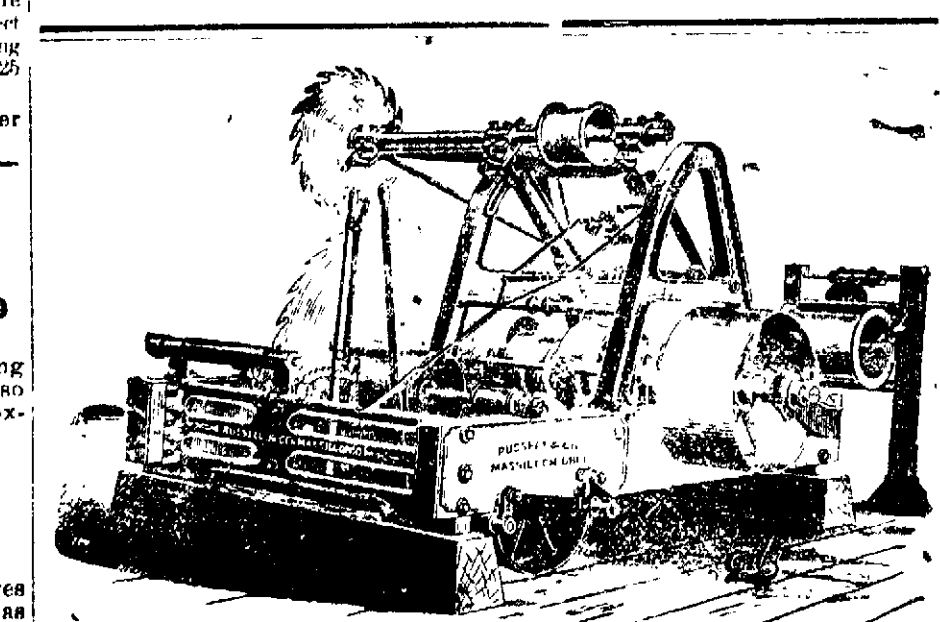
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